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## SONGS SENT SOUTH.

BY M. M. M.

## I.

My love, beside the southern sea,  
Of busy streets is fain to tire ;  
Up to those hills that shine on me  
She stretches arms of vain desire.

Tired of the billowy thunder made  
When the sou'-wester calls so loud,  
Tired of the glittering long parade,  
And all the changeful restless crowd.

She sees the Grampians' heathery blue,  
The snow-fed river rushing by,  
The Ochils, steeped in emerald hue,  
Kinnoul, dark-stemmed against the sky ;

And far above, the briar-bush sweet,  
That only passing airs betray  
To lovers who, with tardy feet,  
Are lingering on their homeward way.

'Tis these she loves. O constant hills !  
I cannot all forsaken be :  
Something of her from you distils,  
Some of her heart you give to me.

## II.

Chafed by these swaddling-bands of fate,  
'Tis ours to see, and not attain :  
The spirit oft but meets its mate  
To drift apart, and lose again.

One day stands out o'er other days  
In vision of the "might have been :"  
The vision flies, the hard world stays,  
And rears its wall of brass between.

They two had climbed the mountain's brow  
Higher than morning mists have birth :  
Life seemed one endless wondrous now ;  
They were alone in all the earth.

Above them but the solemn blue  
Whose hush of noon no motion stirred,  
And as their hearts together grew  
Between them was no need of word.

O that the soul on such fair height  
Could linger ! There 'twere good to dwell !  
Transformed by something of that light  
That first on love in Eden fell.

## III.

Soft western breezes o'er us creep,  
Faint-sweet, from hills of whin in flower ;  
With strange sad cries the pee-wits sweep—  
And now it is the sunset hour.

No words can tell that glow of gold,  
Those tender mauves, those peaks fire-  
stained,

That pure translucence, heaven unrolled,  
That when all else was past remained.

Bluebells and primroses emboss  
The turf, the little ferns scarce stir.  
She laid her head upon the moss,  
And let her soul go out from her.

And thou wast there, poor heart ! Thine own  
Beats feared to break the silence through ;  
So darkly deep her eyes had grown,  
So strong the spell her presence threw.

Her thoughts were far away from thee,  
Yet by her side she let thee stay.  
He who the shrine may never see  
Will gladly watch its door all day.

## IV.

The long June sun could hardly bear  
To leave the north he loves so well :  
All night the soft glow hovered there  
As of his swift return to tell.

But now he hurries down the sky  
Ere half the afternoon be o'er ;  
And bare and brown the hedgerows lie  
Where roses blushed through green before.

Spring will return ; but if she stays,  
Who is the crown of Spring's delights,  
Without her, what are lengthening days,  
Or balmy softness of the nights ?

And yet such hope is in the air,  
Such stir of promise in the trees ;  
The rooks glad tales are telling there,  
And whispers come upon the breeze—

"The world's year has its June of mirth,  
And thine shall not all winter be ;  
God gives the flowers back to the earth,  
And he will give thy love to thee."

Good Words.

## AYS GARTH.

WHERE Aysgarth's arch spans Ure's resplen-  
dent river,

Where down the rock the shining cataract  
leaps,

And flashing from between its marble steep,  
From ledge to ledge the silver lightnings  
shiver,

I gaze, o'erwhelmed with stress of joyous  
thought,  
And backward trace the path of those sweet  
forces

Which, from their home among the far hill-  
sources,

This tumbling wealth of beauty here have  
brought.

Ravine-born, mid the many-chasmed moun-  
tains,

A thousand brooklets trickle into life,  
Mingling their myriad murmurs in sweet  
strife,

And fill the constant stream from lonely foun-  
tains.

So spring thy truest peace and holiest power,  
O man ! not from the tumult of the hour !

Bradford.

J. ARTHUR BINNS.

Spectator.

From The Month.

RICHARD DOYLE, PAINTER AND HUMORIST.

It is a happy thing for mankind that God has different vocations and widely varying careers, to be allotted to men according to their varying characters and dispositions. It would be a great misfortune if none were called to the peaceful retirement of the cloister. It would be a greater misfortune still if he counted his faithful servants only among those who devoted themselves to what is called a life in religion, for then outside the monastic and conventual walls there would be nothing but a barren desert, rank with vile weeds and poisonous herbage, whereas now there bloom in the world's wilderness sweetly scented flowers which make the name of wilderness almost unsuitable. The world is rather a garden, overgrown indeed with many a weed and bramble, but yet flowering here and there with flowers, often unnoticed, often hidden, often trodden down, but yet, in spite of all, always loved, always honored, always cherished by those who know them best. Wherever they grow, whatever the path of life that they adorn, they seem to breathe an atmosphere of fragrance and to dispel the noxious odors of the weeds around; and when they have been gathered by the Master to deck the garden where all are flowers of beauty and not a weed can be found, they leave behind them the sweet perfume of their virtues. Even those who ridicule them during life, when they hear of the death of one of these chivalrous servants of God, know in their secret hearts that one is gone whose standard was different from their own, and to whom they were compelled to look up by reason of their instinctive consciousness that he was altogether superior to themselves.

There has lately passed away one who, amid the world's turmoil, never failed to raise the moral and religious standard of the society in which he lived. In the world, but not of it, possessed of talents which gave him the first place in his own special line of art, a favorite everywhere, possessed of an intensity of humor and an appreciation of the grotesque such as

is not found in one in a million, gifted with an artistic skill which will secure an immortality for the works of his pencil, Richard Doyle was still more notably than any of these, a man whom no attractions of gain or honor would induce to deviate a hair's breadth from his lofty principle; a Christian who carried his religion with him unobtrusively, but none the less really, into every scene and every company; a Catholic faithful to his religion with all the faithfulness of his loyal heart, and ready to make any sacrifices rather than even appear to throw in his lot with those who ridiculed or misrepresented it.

Such a man ought not to pass unnoticed in the pages of a Catholic magazine. Wherever English is spoken, the inimitable sketches of his pencil are familiar to the readers of the works of Thackeray and Dickens. If his water-colors are less widely known, it is not that they are at all inferior in merit to his pen-and-ink sketches, but that the latter were essentially popular, suited to the popular taste, and spread throughout the English-speaking world through the medium of a popular periodical and the writings of popular novelists, whereas a painter has necessarily a smaller public, at least until many long years have elapsed. But some at least of our readers have admired on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery his sylvan scenes and their fairy occupants, or have seen them in private houses for whose owners they were painted. It is through his talent (though not through his alone, since Leech and Tenniel among his contemporaries, to say nothing of those who have come after him, must share his laurels) that the illustrations in the representative journal of English humor are of their kind unequalled in the world. Who has not laughed and laughed again over the "Manners and Customs of the English in the Nineteenth Century," over the "Adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," over "Mr. Pepys' Modern Diary," and above all, over that inimitable picture of a "Christian gentleman denouncing ye Pope," in which each face deserves a careful study, and tells the tale of bigotry, prejudice, and gaping cre-

dulity which has made Exeter Hall a by-word among men?

Richard Doyle's life was not an eventful one. He was born in London in September, 1824, and was the son of Mr. John Doyle, the political caricaturist, whose sketches, under the signature of "H. B.," exhibit a talent not less remarkable than that of his gifted son.\* Dicky never went to school: in his childish days a governess, in his boyhood and early youth a tutor, came every day to his father's house. Almost from infancy his talent began to show itself, as well as his kind heart and religious nature. There is still extant a little sketch of the Crucifixion which he drew to console his governess for some passing disappointment in her prospects. The absence of school-training had not on Dicky's character that enervating effect that we sometimes witness; on the contrary, it seems to have been a real benefit to him. It did much to preserve in him that domestic sweetness, that simplicity and innocence of heart which was one of his greatest graces before God and man.

But he was no spoilt child: a boy who grows up with brothers and sisters around him is rarely spoilt. Besides, his father devoted himself from the first to the careful training of his children. Every Sunday they had to write a letter to him detailing all the little events of the week and the work they had been doing. When Dicky, like most children, had not much to tell, he would cover the sheet with fantastic designs, crude, of course, and childish, but full of promise for the future. It was from his father that he not only inherited his artistic talent, but received, and that almost exclusively, his artistic training. Mr. Doyle would not allow him to draw from models — his plan was to teach the boy to observe with watchful eye the leading features of the object before him, and then some little time after reproduce them from memory as nearly as he could. It was this method of education which

helped to give to his genius its special characteristics; it nurtured side by side those apparently incompatible qualities, accuracy and the play of fancy, and both of these are prominent in all that he drew or painted. He had no regular training in academy or school of art; he painted in the studio of no master save his father; and it is curious to see how his genius overleapt what would have been serious disadvantages to an ordinary man. Like Horace's philosopher, he was literally *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*. He attached himself to no school; he was not familiar, strange to say, with the masterpieces of foreign artists. He had never been in Paris, or Rome, or Vienna. No one owed less than he did to those who had gone before him; and if this rendered his works less elaborate and conventional, it gave them a freshness and originality which might have been hampered if he had been forced into conformity with the accepted canons of the professional studio. It has been said of him that he had no models, no masters, and belonged to no school of art. All this is true, but all things arround were his models, his own genius was his master, and nature's school of art was enough for him. Yet we cannot say he was self-taught. Through all his early years he was guided and trained by his father with wise and judicious care, besides the aid and instruction derived from a young artist rather older than himself, who used often to accompany him on long suburban and country rambles, in which the object was to train the eye and develop the love of nature's beauty.

Richard Doyle's first work was the "Eglinton Tournament, or the Days of Chivalry Revived," published when he was only fifteen years old. Young though he was, it is eminently characteristic of the special bent of his genius. There is a dashing boldness in it which is one of the advantages that we often see in the works of youth as compared with those of later age. There is an ignoring of difficulties of which men often become painfully conscious after the hard lessons that experience is wont to teach. There is the courageous hopefulness of youth and the absence of self-criticism and its twin-

\* "Whoever 'H. B.' is, he is a man of great genius, and has an instinct for expression and power of drawing without academical cant, that I never saw before." (Extract from the Journal of R. B. Haydon, quoted in his Life by Tom Taylor, vol. ii., p. 292.)



brother discouragement. Three years later he produced a somewhat similar work, but one in which his talent had greatly developed itself. It is called "A Grand Historical, Allegorical, and Classical Procession," and combines into a humorous pageant a curious medley of men and women who played a prominent part on the world's stage, bringing out into good-humored relief the characteristic peculiarities of each.

In 1843, when he was only nineteen, he was asked to be regular contributor to *Punch*, a great compliment to one who was a mere boy. Mark Lemon, who was by origin a Jew, a man of generous heart and liberal mind, was then editor, and the young recruit was set to work first of all on a set of theatrical sketches. But the managers of *Punch* soon found that it was wiser to give his genius freer play. He was allowed to choose his own subjects. Initial letters the most fantastic, tail-pieces the most quaint, pictorial headings the most humorous for poem or paragraph, were produced with astonishing rapidity and fertility of design. We remember one of these early pieces in which *Punch* as Orpheus is surrounded by the animals entranced by his music. Each country of Europe is represented by the animal which symbolizes it, and the expression on some of their faces is inimitable. Most prominent of all, the British Lion, with his tongue out and his eyes half shut, lying at *Punch's* feet, is a picture of indolent, good-natured, self-satisfied strength. Before Doyle's time the cover of *Punch* had varied each half-year, as our readers will see if they refer to the earlier volumes, but when his master hand had drawn a design, it was agreed that henceforward it should always remain unaltered. Half a year after his first design some modifications indeed were introduced into it, but substantially it remained the same. Since then no sort of change has been made in it. It has been stereotyped more than once, and the readers of *Punch* at the present day have before them, as a familiar monument of his talent, identically the same frontispiece that Doyle designed for them. After the first year or two the large cartoons were very

frequently his work. Perhaps the best known of all is the Political Sea Serpent of 1848, Revolution suddenly appearing above the surface of the sea, and upsetting one after another the cockle-shell boats in which the various European monarchs are sailing o'er the main. The picture was drawn in the early part of the year, before the Roman revolution, and the holy father is still riding safely unharmed by the monster which is working havoc in France and Germany and Austria and Spain. England of course shares this political security, and is loyal to her queen. Other cartoons of note were, Louis Philippe as the Napoleon of Peace; Disraeli as Gulliver, inspected by the Brobdignag statesmen, Robert Peel, and Sir James Graham; Cobden, with long strides, hurrying Peel along the road of Reform, while the pupil is scarcely able to keep up with his master's steps.

One characteristic of all Mr. Doyle's pictures is the absence of any sort of bitter ridicule of authority. He was most intensely loyal, and did not at all approve of some of the liberties *Punch* from time to time took in pictures of her Majesty. Douglas Jerrold now became one of the chief contributors to *Punch*, and it was not likely that a man with his radical opinions would show any great spirit of reverence for the throne. Doyle's influence was always used to prevent any sort of disrespect to the queen, and in his eyes the shadow of the reverence due to her fell also to some extent over the prince consort. He was sadly offended at one or two of the pictures which threw ridicule on the prince's doings, and protested more than once. There was a certain cartoon in Buckingham Palace, by a celebrated figure-painter, which Prince Albert did not like and had removed. The painter's friends and fellow-artists took up his defence, and the prince's action was severely criticised, and attributed to ignorance and to the want of appreciation of high art. There was an article in *Punch*, in which the prince was attacked on this subject. Doyle did not like this, and persuaded Thackeray, who was one of the most prominent writers in *Punch* at the time, and was himself a trained artist, to

inspect the picture, and with much satisfaction compelled him to confess that the prince was quite right in having the picture removed. His divergence from his colleagues in these matters of loyalty at one time threatened to sever his connection with the periodical, but the storm blew over. There is no doubt that it was his influence which aided in giving to *Punch* that tone of loyalty and good taste which has ever since generally characterized it.

But a heavier storm was preparing for him. In 1850 the Catholic Hierarchy was established in England, and the Protestant public raved and stormed and talked bigoted nonsense without end respecting this new invasion. Parliament passed the futile and obsolete Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and *Punch* took up the popular cry. Cardinal Wiseman was represented as "tree'd" by the papal bull, and comic verses and personal ridicule were lavished on the pope, the new hierarchy, and Catholics generally.

Doyle remonstrated, but received answer that, as he had been allowed to turn Exeter Hall and its doings into ridicule, it was only fair that his own opinions should have their turn. But those who used this argument little knew, and could scarcely be expected to know, the difference between the devotion of supernatural faith and the bigotry of a self-chosen creed. Doyle was anything but narrow or over-scrupulous. It was not any of the cartoons which was the immediate occasion of the step that he took, nor was it (as some of the notices of him have intimated) any mere personal attachment to Cardinal Wiseman. "I don't mind," he said, "as long as you keep to the political and personal side of the matter, but *doctrines* you must not attack." Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray were not likely to appreciate this reversal of the general sentiment which resents personal attack above all else. "Look at the *Times*," they argued; "its language has been most violent, but the Catholic writers on its staff do not for that reason resign. They understand, and the world at large understands, that the individual contributor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by other contributors in articles with which he has nothing to do." "That is very well in the *Times*," was Doyle's answer, "but not in *Punch*. For the *Times* is a monarchy [we believe these were his very words], whereas *Punch* is a republic." So when, a week or so later, an article, attributed to Jerrold himself, jeeringly

advised the pope to "feed his flock on the wafers of the Vatican," it was too much for Doyle. Dignified protest was not sufficient now. To be any longer identified with a paper which could use such language was intolerable to the faithful soul. To ply his skillful fingers and busy, inventive brain in behalf of those who scoffed at the blessed Sacrament of the altar was out of the question. His connection with *Punch* must cease. But is he bound in conscience to throw away a good income and congenial work, because there were expressed opinions different from his own in a paper in which, republic though it was, solidarity was scarcely possible? Who would expect that, in a comic journal, each and all of the contributors should agree with each and every sentiment expressed? Never mind; whatever Richard Doyle might have been strictly bound to do, generosity at least urged him to make the sacrifice—the sacrifice of his career, of his future success, it may be. At least he could show that Catholic belief was no empty superstition, no set of mere traditional observances, which sat lightly on the man of culture, even if in his heart he accepted them at all. So he wrote to resign his connection with *Punch*, stating the reasons plainly and simply. This was in 1850, after he had been contributing for more than six years. Now he must simply start afresh, in consequence of what his Protestant friends regarded as an ecclesiastical crotchet. He must turn aside from the path of worldly success; he must give up all for conscience' sake. But as the *Daily Telegraph* remarks, in an article respecting him that does it honor, "He made a wise and prudent choice. The loss was ours, not his; and, apart from the claims of his genius to admiration, such conduct at the critical moment of a career will never cease to command respect."

But we do not altogether agree with another sentence occurring in the same article. "It is deeply to be regretted," continues the writer, "that the deplorable spirit of sectarian hostility should have driven such a man from the proper arena of his worth and fame." We are inclined to believe, though we know that in England the popular opinion differs from our own, that, apart from the respect he earned by his noble sacrifice, Mr. Doyle achieved a higher reputation, in consequence of his retirement from comic journalism, than if he had continued to employ his pencil in its service all his life through.

It is true that his name was not, towards the end of his life, so familiar to the popular mind of England as was that of John Leech at the end of his career, and as that of Du Maurier at the present time. But the work which he did in his later life was more lasting and more world-wide. *Punch* is an English periodical — you must be an Englishman to understand the allusions. The humor is essentially and almost exclusively English; it would never attain any great popularity in other English-speaking nations, in spite of its undoubted claim to be the first comic journal in the world. If Doyle had confined himself to the pages of *Punch*, or directed his energies mainly to the weekly issue of some design in its humorous columns, the limnings of his pencil would scarcely be known outside of England, whereas all over the continent of America, and in the English colonies, the old Colonel Newcome and the Marquis of Farintosh, Lady Kew and Trotty Veck, meet us with their familiar faces as we turn over the transatlantic editions of Thackeray and Dickens, not to mention the exquisite paintings, of which we shall have more to say presently, exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, and to be found in many a country mansion as a lasting memorial of Dicky Doyle.

But we must return to our story. On his retirement from *Punch* he received letters of regret and sympathy and of congratulation from every side, especially from Protestants. One of the first was from the well-known champion of Protestantism, Sir Robert Inglis. An English nobleman, also a Protestant, lodged in the bank a little sum of money in his name, fearing lest, with his generous heart and open hand, he might not have provided against the evil day, and wrote to him at the same time to ask him to draw some sketches for him, and to consider the money standing in his name as an acknowledgment of the work.

Meanwhile, in spite of the break with the journal published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, he continued to work at the inimitable "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," according to the agreement made with them at the time that he was drawing for *Punch*. It is quite unnecessary to say anything in praise of a book which is so familiar to Englishmen, and which hits off, with such an astonishing variety of good-natured, innocent fun, the mistakes and misadventures, as well as the most striking peculiarities of young Englishmen on their holiday. What is still more clever is the wonderful skill with

which the individuality of each of the three is kept up. Robinson, fat, and always inclined to laziness; Jones, lanky, and overfull of activity; while Brown is a contrast to the other two, a nondescript sort of character, who does not make himself so ridiculous as his two friends. Soon after "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" came the more important task of illustrating some of the works of Thackeray. By common consent Colonel Newcome is acknowledged as the masterpiece of his illustrations of Thackeray. The novelist is happy in a likeness which reflects so admirably the character. Little Barnes Newcome, cunning and contemptible, is also well portrayed; not to mention Lady Kew, Clive, and the Campaigner. It has been remarked, and we think truly, that Mr. Doyle was not so successful in drawing fair maidens as he was in depicting other varieties of beauty — little children for instance, as well as men and women of a more advanced age. This is probably true; Ethel, for instance, is a simple, pure-minded girl, but she lacks in the picture the charm that the novelist would wish her to be invested with.

But we must not linger on what is, after all, a point of detail which rather lies outside our sphere. Our business is to sketch the man, not presumptuously to play the part of art-critics. Every one must allow that the interest of "The Newcomes" is very much heightened by Mr. Doyle's admirable illustrations. How the reader rejoices in Thackeray's tardy wisdom in handing over his pencil to one so appreciative of the novelist's idea, and so skilful in carrying it out!

To the *Cornhill Magazine* Richard Doyle contributed the "Bird's-eye Views of English Society." They were afterwards published separately. They are more elaborate than "Ye Manners and Customs of ye English," but we think that the earlier series had more salt and humor. There is nothing in them equal to the scene at the "Cider Cellars," which is worthy of Hogarth, or to the wine-tasting at the London Docks, where there is something comically illustrative of the general design even in the quaint fungus which hangs from the roof. But the sketches in the *Cornhill* were more finished, and each series was after all better suited to the periodical in which it appeared.

He continued his work of book-illustration until the last. Among the best-known books illustrated by him are Mr. Ruskin's "Golden River," Percival Leigh's "Jar of Honey," and "Fairylend,"

which has been wrongly described as if Mr. Allingham wrote the poem and Doyle illustrated it for him, whereas the whole design from first to last was simply and solely the artist's, and the verses which accompany it were written *for* the drawings, by way of explaining them and weaving them into some sort of connected story. We must also mention what we regard as one of his ablest works, though it is now scarce and little known, his "Rejected Cartoons," a series of humorous quasi-historical designs, supposed to be intended for the new Houses of Parliament, and which are beautifully drawn, full of exquisite drollery. Some of them are caricatures of living artists, Maclise, Pugin, etc., so like their works as to be scarcely caricatures. Others are unspeakably ridiculous in their historical absurdity: for instance, the faces of King John and the barons in the signing of Magna Charta.

Another little work, to which he drew a frontispiece during this second period, we mention rather because it is so little known, than because it is so well known. When Adelaide Proctor's poems were published, it was thought well to omit a certain number which were distinctively Catholic. These were afterwards collected into a small volume, under the name of "A Chaplet of Verses," for private circulation and for private sale. Mr. Doyle designed a beautiful little vignette, very appropriate to its contents, of an angel covering with his wings a crowd of the poor, the sick, the distressed, the miserable. We do not think that the book was ever sold publicly, and it is now very scarce. We wish it could be reprinted, and at the present time it would be very opportune. The merit of the poems themselves claims for them remembrance. The artist's handiwork is also worth preserving, the more especially as it was one of the rare occasions on which he ventured on a sacred subject.

During the later portion of his life, Mr. Doyle's genius developed in a new and a higher phase. He gave himself to water-color painting. His favorite topic was wild scenery of heather and woodland, the unrivalled beauties of Devon and the bleak hills of Wales. But it was not scenery pure and simple. It was scenery with appropriate inhabitants. In his sketches he had a curious fancy for fays and fairies, for elves and pixies, and he liked scenery which was suggestive of their presence, a wood with bluebells and foxgloves scattered in wild profusion to

favor their gambols, with an open space amid the trees, where they could dance around a huge fungus or boulder in a fairy ring. Often the scene was not only suited to them, but all alive with graceful forms —

Running o'er his mimic world  
Creatures winsome, quaint, and jolly,  
Arabesquely blown and twisted  
From his pencil point profusely,  
Scattered like the flowers of spring,  
Lightly, lavishly, and loosely,  
When Doyle's wit is on the wing.\*

One of the pictures exhibited in the Grosvenor represented a woodland scene, covered with dock-plants, under whose sheltering leaves the quaintest of quaint little creatures are taking refuge. Another, and one of the best he painted, was taken from a Welsh hillside. There is a Welsh legend that, on a Friday even, the fairies are wont to indulge their wayward fancies, by catching the goats and combing smooth their tangled beards, to make them decent for Sunday. The picture is beautifully painted, and full of the most grotesque designs. One old Billy, covered with rough dark wool, is submitting with an almost human complacency to the combing process, gently and deftly done by a graceful little fairy. Another seeks to fly his pursuer, who follows in hot pursuit. A third old nanny seems touched with the unwonted attention from the sprite-like form that is performing for her her toilette. A fourth is thrusting out its head and horns furtively from behind a rock, whither it has fled from a sylph-like fairy, who is beckoning it to its unwilling toilet. The whole scene is most comic, and the double element of Mr. Doyle's character, the intense appreciation of the humorous and the almost intense appreciation of nature's beauty, are curiously combined in the picture.

But we must draw this little sketch to a close. In the autumn of last year Mr. Doyle spent some time in North Devon, and while there painted a picture of Lynton Churchyard. The view is taken at a distance of some ten or fifteen yards to the south-west of the church, and is looking in an easterly direction. In front of the picture, one sees far down below the blue waters of the Bristol Channel, while behind, the picturesque little church nestles among the trees. In the churchyard, an old man is mowing down the long grass amid the graves, while two or three little

\* From some verses, "In Memoriam," in *Punch* December 22, 1883.

children scatter flowers on one of them. This picture was unfinished at the time of his death. A strange coincidence that he should have chosen such a scene for his last picture, when, as far as man can judge, he had no sort of reason for thinking that death was so near; stranger still, that on his return home he chose for the sketch a black frame, as if to clothe it in the garb of mourning for its maker. There it remains on his easel, unfinished still, as if to tell of one cut off so suddenly, not indeed in the summer of life, but in a mellow autumn, which seemed to give promise of many years of good work still to be done. But the time had come when the little sprites, who peopled his dreams of earth, were to be exchanged for the angel forms who were to welcome the faithful servant to his reward in Heaven. On the 10th of December, as he was preparing to return from the Athenæum Club, Mr. Doyle was struck down by apoplexy. An ambulance was procured, and he was carried home. He never regained the power of speech, and it is doubtful whether he was ever again conscious, though the priest, who anointed him for his journey from thence to heaven, thought that he detected some traces of a joyful acquiescence in the rite. The next morning, in the home where the last years had been spent in quiet peaceful pursuit of the art he passionately loved, his simple, innocent, loyal soul passed away from earth to heaven.

If Richard Doyle will live in the memories of men as an artist of genius, he will live in the records of the servants of God as a man who was in the world but not of it, blameless in the innocence of his life, generous to the poor of Jesus Christ, chivalrous in the defence of truth, an example to Protestant society of the simple guilelessness of Catholic purity. A Protestant lady of rank in whose house he often stayed, writes thus of him to her husband on hearing of his death: "Your news has indeed saddened me. One of the rare ones of the earth is gone: for he was indeed unique. When shall we, or any one else, see again such a combination of childlike simplicity and warmth of heart, joined with such sparkling genial humor, such high honor, and such instinctive good sense and judgment? It is another dear friend gone."

With all his amusing talk and frolicsome humor, which gave such a charm to his conversation, no word of scandal was ever heard from his lips. He was remarkable for the gentle, kind, indulgent

way in which he spoke of all, even of those of whom ordinary men would have spoken with harshness or bitterness. Under his humor, too, there always ran a vein of seriousness. It was not the light thoughtlessness of one who turns all things into ridicule, but the bright happy mirth of one who knew how to be grave as well as gay.

What were the chief characteristics of his artistic skill? The most striking is the wild extravagance of his fancy, the power of his imagination. He draws all sorts of things that he never could have seen — no, nor seen anything like them. He did not so much idealize the really existing as fill it up and people it with what he had himself drawn out of his own mental picturings. Fairies and elves were his especial delight, some elegantly beautiful, some indescribably grotesque. He loved to take an actual sylvan scene, and there to plant his fairy forms skipping over the hills or sporting amid the dew-bespangled undergrowth of a summer wood. We also observe that all his details serve his purpose. This is particularly noticeable in his comic sketches. If he is drawing some grotesque figure, all is grotesque, boots and gloves as well as face. He used to criticise the elaboration of French art. It was a positive fault, in his eyes, to bestow labor, in a picture which had a story to tell, on any details which did not contribute to the telling of the story. He said it gave a formality to the painting, and injured the general effect. In his own pictures we find this rule carried out, and a sort of rough negligence about those accidental details which did not contribute to the end in view.

Besides this, we notice what we remarked at the beginning of our article, that there is about all his paintings and drawings a wild freedom, an exemption from the conventionalities of this or that school. He was not a self-taught artist, for he was trained by one who had a genius kin to his own, but he was an artist who had never forced himself into the observance of those mechanical rules and canons, which to ordinary men are necessary to their correct painting (just as rules of grammar are necessary to correct writing), but hamper and trammel the man of genius, who has in himself the fount whence such rules proceed, and instinctively follows them in the spirit, though not in the letter, so far as they will forward the end he has in view, and no further.



Last of all, with all his reckless fun and merriment, he never drew a line or wrote a word which ever approaches to coarseness or indelicacy, to bitterness of spirit, or disregard of the feelings of others. His arrows rankle not; they leave no wound behind them. He seems to say with his innocent laugh, "You see I am full of fun, and I am sure you won't mind my making a little bit of harmless fun at your expense." We have reason to be proud of his pencil, as always marked by that spirit of purity and high-toned morality which characterized him as a man. We can put everything he ever drew into the hands of a child without the slightest fear. He liked to show his pictures to children, and to listen to their childish criticisms. He himself ever retained many of childhood's sweetest characteristics. To the last he was innocent as a child, simple as a child, loving as a child, generous as a child, with his hand ever open to help any who were in trouble or distress. As we sometimes see, and cannot but admire, the unselfish attachment of a child to father and mother in the natural order, resenting a word spoken to their disparagement, firing up at anything that he reckons a slight upon them, ready to forsake friend or companion who seems to him not to show them due respect, so Richard Doyle, alike in youth and middle age and in the autumn of his life, had that chivalrous devotion to God his Father and the Catholic Church his mother, which led him to spurn all other considerations when it was a question of defending their honor or upholding their interests. The withdrawal from *Punch* was by no means the only sacrifice he made for conscience' sake; it was only one of many. At one time he was offered a very handsome income to draw for a weekly periodical started some years ago, but he refused as not approving its principles, or the want of them. At another he had a similar offer made him by a distinguished statesman in behalf of a political journal, in which the work would have been light and the remuneration excellent. He was offered his own terms if he would illustrate an edition of Swift's humorous works, but here too he refused, as not admiring the morality of that eminent moralist. In these and other cases like them, religion, virtue, high principle, carried the day against interests which would have proved too much for any but a man of Doyle's noble and lofty character. All this too while he had to look to his pencil for his bread, for it is quite a mistake on

the part of one of the leading newspapers to say that during the latter part of his life he was independent of his profession.

We conclude by quoting the touching little poem which appeared in the *Athenaeum* in memory of Mr. Doyle. If the poet is one who has followed him of whom he writes neither in his faith nor in his practice, yet even his pen seems to have been chastened by his theme, and to have caught an inspiration of better things from the fact that he was writing of Richard Doyle.

#### ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DOYLE.

A light of blameless laughter, fancy bred,  
Soft-souled and glad and kind as love or sleep,  
Fades, and sweet mirth's own eyes are fain to  
weep

Because her blithe and gentlest bird is dead.

Weep, elves, and fairies all, that never shed  
Tear yet for mortal mourning; you that keep  
The doors of dreams whence nought of ill may  
creep,  
Mourn once for one whose lips your honey fed.

Let waters of the Golden River steep  
The rose-roots whence his grave blooms rosy-  
red,

And murmuring of Hyblæan limes be deep  
About the summer silence of its bed,  
And nought less gracious than a violet peep  
Between the grass grown greener round his  
head.

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From Good Words.

#### BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE  
JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### BEAUTY.

LADY FERMOR was a bad woman; she had been a bad daughter and sister, a bad wife, mother, and grandmother. She had been weighed and found wanting in every relation. Lord Fermor was not her first husband, nor was she his first wife. It had only been after passing through the divorce court that she had attained her present position. But that was half a century ago, years prior to the birth of Iris Compton's mother, Lady Fermor's only child to Lord Fermor.

For many a long day the respectable world refused absolutely to condone the heinous offence. But time will serve to obliterate the blackest stains, and two



facts were in Lady Fermor's favor. The sinner had for a period which was equivalent to a moderately long lifetime refrained from her old sins against moral and social laws, and she was now an aged woman. These facts upheld self-interest, easy-minded tolerance, and charity, in granting some renewal of the lady's passport to mix with other than the utterly reckless of her sex. Though Eastham was largely conservative, and its population by comparison stationary, Lady Fermor had neighbors nowadays who knew nothing further of the mistress of Lambford than that there had been something wrong where she was concerned, long, long ago, something which was better kept out of hearing, and gradually lost sight of.

Lady Fermor was too wise a woman not to avail herself of the slow, shy relenting, though she felt more contemptuous of it than grateful for it. She had never cared for the members of her own sex, while she had always been able to be on "hail-fellow, well-met" terms with a wide circle of men, so long as she was young enough to love company and enjoy her part in it. Nevertheless there was a small triumph in surmounting what she considered milk-and-water and bread-and-butter scruples. Besides, it was desirable for Iris, her granddaughter, for whom her guardian had some consideration though little affection, that she should have the entrance to respectable houses presided over by women on whose reputations suspicion had not so much as breathed.

Lady Fermor had not secured the last boon for her daughter, Iris's mother; she had moved chiefly in Bohemian sets, and as a natural result had married ill, in every light save a worldly one, at her mother's instigation. She had led a wretched life. She had not possessed either spirit or power to rebel against her fate. Both she and her husband had died young, and she had left a helpless child, another girl, to the care of her mother's nearest relatives, who had made shipwreck of her fortunes.

Hard, heartless, coarse, and corrupted as Lady Fermor's career had left her, she felt that she owed some reparation to her unhappy daughter's child, and she did not mean that Iris's history should resemble that of her mother. Lady Fermor put herself to the pains to secure an excellent governess — who did not refuse to enter the family at Lambford — and placed the pupil entirely under the teacher's charge.

The mistress of the house did not interfere; unless it can be called interference,

that in the early days of Miss Burrage's domestication, Lady Fermor did not consider it any breach of the contract or source of peril to her scheme, to encourage the little girl when she came to the drawing-room to mimic the small peculiarities and *gaucheries* of her schoolmistress, and to reward these exhibitions of talent by herself furnishing lessons in this histrionic display. She was a well-qualified professor, and showed up poor Miss Burrage's weaknesses so as not only to cause the child Iris to dance with delight, but to awaken universal laughter among the drawing-room groups, made up of the fastest men and women in that corner of the kingdom.

Iris used to cry bitterly, a little later in her life, over her share in the game; and she would wonder in her troubled mind whether the hard, flippant, or affectedly languid laughter was that crackling of thorns under a pot of which the Psalmist wrote. It was not any direct word or act of Miss Burrage's which aroused the remorse and suggested the simile. On the contrary, when the poor lady could not help learning the extent to which so modest and retiring a person as she was had contributed to the entertainment of the drawing-room, she contented herself with discharging a delicate duty faithfully. She was forced for conscience' sake and in Iris's interest to say to the weeping girl, insisting in an agony of contrition on confessing her falseness to the obligations of friendship, "Very true, my dear, it is not right or kind to mock at your friends behind their backs, especially for such physical misfortunes as a lisp, or short sight, or a queer gait. But don't worry about it, only don't do it again. I am sure you never will. Do you think I cannot say all my absurdities off by heart at my age, or that I mind much other people's noticing them, especially as many persons have a strong sense of the ridiculous which they cannot easily curb? You must remember jesting and laughter break no bones, though the fun might sometimes be suppressed with a good grace, and the suppression, strange to say, rather tend to increase true merriment."

Miss Burrage was a very remarkable woman, though she could be guilty of lisping and blinking and stalking as she walked. She was not merely well informed and accomplished, a capital teacher with a high character for uprightness, steadiness, and kindness to her pupils. She had come to Lambford well aware of what she was doing without saying any-

thing to anybody — not even to herself, unless in the vaguest way, untempted by the salary her employers offered, undazzled by their rank — much as she would have gone into a zenana or a lazahouse.

"I shall take no harm," she told herself, "and while I know I have not ten years' more work left in me, I should like to do something apart from earning my bread, for love's sake."

Miss Burrage did more than give Iris a new experience, she brought to her a revelation. In that intensely wordly house, where there was hardly a law save that of wayward inclination, Iris came into closest contact with a woman to whom the divine command of duty was the ruling, well-nigh the sole power. At Lambford the pursuit of pleasure, though it had cooled from its passion and fever, and was now more of a hard, hackneyed round than a headlong race, continued to be the entire business of life. But Iris heard of work, not as the degrading curse, but as the ennobling blessing of man's earthly sphere.

Miss Burrage, somewhat homely and dowdy in those points of personal appearance and dress which were extravagantly valued at Lambford, did not hesitate to believe that from no material throne but from the blue sky, high as heaven above her, God saw her and loved her, and held blessed communion with her as in the old-world Hebrew stories, when the same God walked among the trees of the Garden of Eden and spoke with the first man, Adam, and called the patriarch Abraham his friend.

It was not in Lady Fermor's bargain, as she had read it, to allow her granddaughter to be reared an enthusiast, with a vocation for religion and virtue quite out of the common, and a troublesome, impracticable forte for righteousness. Lady Fermor considered that, with all her slips and stumbles, she had not been a bad Churchwoman on the whole; she had always stuck to mother Church as "good form" to say the least, and she had her reward. She was willing that Iris should go farther and be more consistent in her walk; but as to her becoming over-pious and over-upright, a benevolent platform scold, or a meek martyr, Lady Fermor would sooner have Iris a lunatic at once, and dispose of her in the safe seclusion of an asylum.

As soon as Lady Fermor perceived the mischief which was at work — and it was her thorough scepticism which rendered

her blind to it in the beginning — she did her best to stop the evil by dismissing Miss Burrage summarily, and taking Iris, who was then a girl of sixteen, into her own charge, to be cured by a course of such knowledge of the world and unrestricted gayety as Lady Fermor could administer to her. But the harm was done; rather the bent was given to the twig and the inscription carved on the grain, which not all the king's horses and all the king's men could untwist or efface. There had been a seal set on Iris Compton's modest forehead, which Lady Compton's brow, at its smoothest, least guileful stage, had never borne. Iris was not wax, though she had proved pliant to the highest culture. She could not unlearn all she had been taught; she would not if she could.

Lady Fermor did not believe in supernatural aid, but she found in her granddaughter a quiet power of endurance and passive resistance which ended by baffling her. For she was a shrewd old woman. Her wickedness had destroyed many a faculty of mind and quality of taste, but it had not interfered much with her native shrewdness. She could submit, after a struggle, to the inevitable. She had no notion in those days of persecuting the girl, or driving her to greater folly or madness, or breaking her spirit. Nay, there was a degree of respect along with the eternal grudge of evil against good, bred in the veteran, by the staunchness of the recruit to the marching orders which the miserable marplot Burrage had given. If Iris's mother could have had as clear an aim and been as constant to it, she need not have come to such irreparable grief.

Happily for all concerned, the sinner, Miss Burrage, had implanted the principle in Iris that goodness was not a charm confined to any sacred place, or solemn routine of daily engagements. The first binding debt the girl must pay was that rudimentary obligation which Lady Fermor had never dreamt of acknowledging in her day or contemplated transmitting to her successors, unless in the sense of a superior force or a convenient form. It was that primitive call to reverence, obey, and be tender to every elder and ruler who is the ordinance of God, unless the homage defies and outrages the unassailable majesty of truth, purity, and that beauty of goodness which can know no decay.

All these encounters were things of four or five years back. Iris had not seen Miss Burrage from the hour they were

parted. The pupil had heard of the governess's death. Then Iris had shut her eyes and seen a lonely, ill-trained little girl, and a good woman striving with kind patience to win the child to all that was honest and lovely. "And I have done nothing for her in return," cried Iris with the tears bursting forth; but after a while she admitted, with tender magnanimity, "She was getting feeble before she left. I know she dreaded to be dependent, and shrank a little from a lonely old age. I wish, oh! I wish I could have cared for her; but since that was not to be, shall I, of all people, grudge to her the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' when we shall not miss each other at last?" Lady Fermor had come to let Iris alone. The old woman was not fond of her granddaughter. Occasionally she showed herself spiteful to her with a spite which might increase on provocation to a formidable malice. But as a rule the venerable matron, with so little to be revered in her, alas! was reasonable, with a sort of masculine *bonhomie* about her which saved her from being guilty of petty tyranny, and caused her to like that the members of her family should be comfortable in their own way — always provided that way did not interfere with hers. Contradiction roused the demon in her.

Iris was now over twenty years of age, a tall, slender girl, with a small, well-carried head. She had auburn hair, which she had worn since childhood, anticipating the fashion, in little clustering waves and rings, low on her forehead. The mode had been her grandmother's decree when she discovered the chief defect in the little face, which was the disproportion of the broad, full forehead to what lay beneath it.

"Good gracious, child! who ever saw such a top to a Queen Anne's sixpence of a face? You only want spectacles to grow up like Miss Cornelia — I forget her name — that schoolmistress of Dickens. Every man will be frightened away by such a brow, unless he imagines he can save himself trouble by using it for a dictionary. Bid Woods take crimping-tongs or a wet brush and cover over that huge overlapping promontory as much as possible.

Thus the defect was veiled, and Iris happened to be one of the very few women improved by borrowing a hint from her cousins the monkeys.

In spite of the ominous indication, nature had not destined Iris for a prodigy of brains, and Miss Burrage had not com-

pleted her pupil's demoralization in this respect. The girl was quick and intelligent, and had received a solid foundation to her education, that was all. As she grew up she proved enthusiastic in an age which has invented a new application for the adjective "gushing," and sympathetic in a dry and parched atmosphere which would have withered all save keen sympathies. She was fertile in resource. She had a natural gift of working skilfully in womanly fashion with her hands. The little face under the softly masked brow remained small, and when the hazel eyes were clear, the mouth rosy, while the cheeks too had their roses, the head was a wonderful reproduction in form, coloring, and expression of the cherub head which Sir Joshua painted in so many different poses; having found the original in the head of the Honorable Isabella Gordon, the kinswoman of a bouncing beauty of a duchess and of a crazy fanatic who led a national riot. But sometimes the cherub was under a cloud, with drooping eyelids, drooping mouth, and a pale, wistful little face more suggestive of piteousness than beauty.

The last was not the normal aspect of the girl. She had a healthy constitution, physically and spiritually touched with the highest, finest influences. She had been accustomed to an isolated life in that most depressing atmosphere of age without the attributes which render a hoary head a crown of glory. But she was far from friendless either in her own class or among servants, working people, and poor people. In the neighborhood of Lambford there was a great deal of feeling for Iris Compton, an orphan under bad guardianship, though she never dreamt of herself as an object of compassion. The rector of the parish and his wife, well-meaning if somewhat self-conscious people, made a pet of her without any interference from Lady Fermor. Their only son, Ludovic Acton, was like a brother to Iris; and the daughter, nearest to Iris in age, was Iris's bosom friend, exalted by her lively imagination far beyond Lucy Acton's deserts, though Lucy was a good girl.

Iris had a happy temper and a mind that was neither suspicious, nor exacting, nor foreboding. She was always busy when she was by herself, as she was to a large extent when she was at home, with her share of the club books, her music, her art needle-work, her favorites among Lady Fermor's poultry, her rockery, and such assistance as she was sometimes allowed to give Lucy Acton in the church

choir and in parish work. Iris had a reserve of courage in her character, which lent an attribute of the heroic to the girl's womanhood. She had been thrown from her horse when riding with her groom near the town of Knotley, and had her collar-bone dislocated. She had been carried into a house, where she had given no trouble beyond begging her hostess to allow the doctor who attended Lord and Lady Fermor to come and set the bone and take her home in his brougham, in order to spare her grandmother the shock of hearing of the accident before she knew it was nothing and that Iris was safe back in her room at Lambford.

A painful accident occurred in the butler's pantry at Lambford; an unlucky footman in drawing the cork of a soda-water bottle wrenched off the neck and cut his hand severely. Everybody called out a remedy, but nobody could bring himself or herself to look at the wound or touch it. Then Iris ran in from the garden, bound up the gash, kept the bandage in its place, gave brandy to the man when he grew faint, and stayed to help the doctor after he arrived in time to take up the severed artery, because no one else had sufficient nerve to make him or her willing to become the medical man's assistant.

Lady Fermor was very angry when she knew what had taken place, and said if she had been aware of the disgraceful chicken-heartedness of every soul about the place, she would have ordered each and all, on pain of instant dismissal with a month's wages, to stand beside the doctor and prevent Miss Compton's being taken advantage of and put to such uses.

In spite of her ladyship's indignation, from that date, whenever a misadventure happened in the household, the sufferer was sure to make a secret humble application for help to Iris, though the girl protested laughingly her inexperience, and the absence on her part even of any intention of being trained for a nurse.

While things often went wrong at Lambford and in the world, Iris was as sure as she was of her own existence, that there was a Ruler over all who ordered things aright, and brought good out of evil, and light out of darkness. She believed he had work for her to do in his world, and would show her more and more clearly what it was, if she waited for him and did the least thing her hand found to do, with all her might, for the good of herself and her neighbors, to his praise. And when this scene of blessing and tribulation was ended, there remained the new

heavens and the new earth wherein dwelt righteousness and the Lord of righteousness.

Iris on the whole was a happy girl, as who should be if she were not? She was kept ignorant, as those nearest the sinner often are, of the worst of the iniquities of the past at Lambford. Still she heard and saw much to distress her, but while she shrank from further enlightenment, the wrong-doing fell away from her as something entirely foreign to her nature and history. She was very sorry sometimes. She could not fail to be grieved and shocked, but it was not for her to judge and condemn those who were far older than herself, her natural superiors. She had an inextinguishable spring of hope in these years. She was always hoping the best. This was especially true of the wound dealt to her affections by the knowledge that neither her poor old grandfather in his great infirmity, nor her grandmother in the possession of all her powers of mind, but bending under the heavy burden of an aged body, cared much for her.

Iris walked in the light of her innocence and rectitude in the love and fear of God, and in the honor of all men, unhurt by her harmful surroundings, one of the strange, sweet, incontestable answers to the carping, doubting question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### BY LADY THWAITE'S WORK-TABLE.

THERE are women one of the principal objects of whose lives consists in providing themselves with fine feathers, and in pluming the feathers after the wearers have got them. There are other women among whose chief aim is that of lining their nests luxuriously and agreeably, and displaying to envious neighbors those well-furnished nests. Not unfrequently these moods show themselves in the same women, and rather mark different stages of development than contrast of inclination in one person.

Lady Thwaite had married a man old enough to be her grandfather, without entertaining for him any of the sentiments of respect, gratitude, or pity, which could by the wildest flight of fancy have stood for parallel sympathies and mutual inclinations. She was one of a family of many poor, pretty daughters, belonging to the slenderly provided for widow of a hunting squire-parson, or "squareson" as

the type is sometimes entitled in Eastham. She hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt, especially in the shape of fine feathers, and she saw no other way of procuring these than by the marriage which she made.

To do Lady Thwaite justice she was just the wife old Sir John wanted, with the signal exception of there being no heir, to live and flourish after him instead of handing over Whitehills to degenerated Thwaites. She disappointed him in nothing else, and she was reasonably contented with the result she had achieved. So having accomplished two things which the world thoroughly approved, done well for herself, and made the most of her gains, she was popular; she was regarded as a fairly fortunate woman and a highly available acquaintance. Unlike old Lady Fermor in everything else, Lady Thwaite was like her in this, that both of them had always dispensed with female friends, and been perfectly satisfied with acquaintances of their own sex. Going back so far as her girlish days, Lady Thwaite's mother and sisters had been no more to her than intimate acquaintances. The point at which the resemblance broke down was that neither had Lady Thwaite shown any need of male friends. Beyond the wide, easy bond of acquaintanceship—and no woman cultivated more acquaintances, she had been sufficient for herself.

Mr. Miles, before he left, was as good as his word, in introducing Sir William to the former mistress of Whitehills. She struck an unsophisticated stranger as a fair-haired woman with a figure inclined to stoutness, and a fine presence which was "stunning" to him. Her black silk and crape and white cap set off her fairness, diminished her stoutness, and caused her to look younger than she really was. She received him with ease and friendliness, which might have been still more cordial if he had been able to advance half-way to meet her. There was nothing distressing in her allusions to Sir John. She spoke of the loss she had sustained with no more than the quiet gravity and gentle sadness which the death of so old a man was calculated to excite in his kindred of the second generation. She was his widow, no doubt, as her dress indicated, but only a widow who had been his contemporary could have experienced sharp pain or keen desolation at old Sir John's having passed away before her, by ever so short a time. Very soon the conversation took a more

cheerful turn, and Lady Thwaite's social gifts, as a lively woman of the world, came out to anybody capable of appreciating her.

The interview had not proved very formidable, and from the date of the introduction the gentleman found himself, he could hardly tell how, in frequent communication with the lady. He did not like her particularly, though she was good enough to lay herself out to please him, but he had a sense that he ought to feel obliged to her for bearing no grudge against him after he had turned her out of his house, and he had an honest wish to serve her.

Lady Thwaite approved of Sir William's intention and recognized his capabilities of usefulness. She speedily extracted from him sundry china jars, a marquetric table, and a pair of old Dutch leather screens which she considered would be acquisitions in her rooms.

Netherton was already a wonderfully cosy, pretty dowager house. Lady Thwaite had kept a careful, fostering eye on it, ever since she married Sir John, and particularly after the death of their son. She had moved in the background, but not the less successfully on that account. She had seen that the house was in perfect repair. She had bestowed unremitting attention on the improvement of the grounds. The place was not and could not be like Whitehills. It was only a smallish, nineteenth-century country house, built in the earlier years of the century, when bow windows were synonymous with light, not shade. The lawn was almost too like velvet in its pile to be spoilt—as it often was, to the mortification of the one adult gardener—by tennis. There was a carriage-drive in the perfection of order, and a belt of rarer, though younger shrubs and trees than any at Whitehills. Altogether it was a very different establishment from the ill-kept, run-out, over-crowded house from which Lady Thwaite had been led by Sir John.

The lady, like Mr. Miles, was gratified to find the representative of the family, whom she had elected to make her *protégé*, hopefully docile and tolerably presentable. Yet she felt a pang in connection with the thing which had gone nearest her heart, in the whole course of the deliberately planned, worldly prosperity of her life. It was the failure of the hopes with regard to her son. "To think such broad, manly shoulders and such a resolute mouth should have been given to a lout, a common soldier, while my boy, the



true heir of Whitehills, was like a thread-paper and had no more firmness in his poor loose lips than when he was a senseless baby," was her inaudible cry on the first peep she got at the new comer. But she swallowed the bitterness and was altogether bland and propitious, finding the subjects for conversation as became a fair, fat, well-bred woman, so good-natured and accessible in her circles that there sometimes crept out just the faintest suspicion of lady-like wheedling and cajoling in her attitude.

It was that fresh season of the year when spring is still glad, and not yet growing languid as it passes into the heat of summer. Chequers of sunshine and shade were woven on the floor of the pleasant room, where the fire, still gleaming on the tiles, was tempered by the open door, into the little conservatory, bringing wafts of fragrance from violets, lilies-of-the-valley, and jonquils. A far-away window open to the garden admitted the full-throated singing of blackbirds and thrushes in the early joy of mating. The silvery light crossing the soft gloom, kindled up here and there in chair-covers, *portières*, and cushions, admirably blended lines of cool blue and white creton, mellow olive velvet and dead gold plush. There was an effect like the wavering motion of leaves on the dull reds, and blues, and greens of the Turkey carpet, an ivory-tinted softness and delicacy in the revived satin-wood with its fine hand-painting of flowers and fruit, contrasted with the rich black of ebony in the framework of the piano, chairs, and settees. Of the pictures on the sober grey walls, that of old Sir John, padded, buttoned up, and looking as if he had just come from successive visits to his barber and his tailor, was in the merciful shadow; while Lady Thwaite's likeness, in the light, showed her considerably crowned with a small cap, and draped in a shawl so as not to look younger than her husband's daughter. There was also a careful representation of a baby shrouded in a cloak, not to be superseded by a bluff or prim little boy sitting on his pony or standing by his dog, the ordinary style for the heirs of the family as preserved at Whitehills.

Though April days invite to dawdling idleness out of doors, the April sun shone on manifold signs of busy idleness within the house. The temperate beams scattered themselves freely on newspapers and books, a well-filled music-stand, the paraphernalia of easel and color-boxes, and a dainty work-table containing half a

dozen pieces of pretty work — all of which were necessities of life to Lady Thwaite.

Sir William, late private in one of her Majesty's infantry regiments, remained an incongruous figure, not at home in such an *entourage*. It must be confessed that he was not in himself entertaining, so Lady Thwaite had ensconced him in one of those torturing, retreating, subsiding seats of the second last fashion, in which no man who was not to the manner born could have settled himself otherwise than uncomfortably and awkwardly. She was talking to him in her smiling, fluent manner on subjects of which he could know nothing. If he answered at all, he must either express the most refreshing ignorance, or perpetrate the most grotesque mistakes. She asked him to help her with the arrangement of some of her silks and wools, and he did not see how he could refuse to oblige her, by declining to comply with her demurely put request. But his proceedings, while she would take care that they did no harm to her property, must be more ludicrous than those of Hercules with Omphale's spinning-gear, for Hercules had the unfettered mien of a demigod, while Omphale's establishment was sure to have been simplicity itself. Sir William's spasmodic actions in the Netherton drawing-room bore more resemblance to the uncouth demonstrations of a bull in a china shop.

"Ah! there is somebody coming," Lady Thwaite cried, interrupting her little game, as a shadow crossed the window. "I believe it is Iris Compton. Don't go, Sir William," — detaining him when he sought to accomplish a shamefaced retreat. "You may rise if you will, that is if you can. Let me give you my hand. Dear! dear! I must bid Charles take away these low chairs with their sloping backs. They are a snare to half the people who sit down in them. Miss Compton ought to be one of the belles of the neighborhood, though her fine figure is rather slight even for a girl." She favored him with a preparatory criticism, sitting serene in her own becoming matronly bountifulness of outline. "There is certainly a suspicion of red in her hair — ill-natured people call it red — and her face is too small; it is even inclined to be chubby. But in spite of trifling defects she would be one of the county beauties if she were properly seen. She goes out very little, however; her relations are very old and don't live in the world; all the same you must know her like everybody else some day, and I am charmed



that the encounter should take place here. I am fond of young people meeting and making themselves at home at Nether-ton. It is not so very long since I was young myself, but my youth passed soon," remarked Lady Thwaite with an echo of pensiveness in the reflection, pausing as if she expected to be contradicted, and then going on with a furtive smile, faintly acidulated, at the omission of any contradiction, "Poor, dear Sir John liked the society of his contemporaries, naturally, and I was only too happy to accommodate myself to his tastes. It was no less my pleasure than my duty, and you cannot think the comfort it is to me to remember that now. Ah! here she comes."

Sir William recollected perfectly what he had heard of Miss Compton and her grandmother, Lady Fermor. He had struggled out of the cramping chair, and, as he stood stiffly, feeling very much in the way, he glanced up, expecting to see a woman like Lady Thwaite, but younger. His eyes fell on the tall, erect figure of a girl like a straight, slim sapling. She wore a dark blue velvet gown and jacket, with a little cap of the same color. Beneath it was the loveliest silken thatch of hair, not unlike his own in hue, but how different in texture, as it strayed and curled at its own sweet will! Beneath the thatch was a line of white forehead and fine brows, with the rest of a little face lit up by hazel eyes, half eager, half wise. The round cheeks were rosy; still rosier was the delicate mouth, which had no inherent weakness in the curve that broke its straight line. She was smiling upon him, and going through her part of the introduction as if she liked it, and wished him well.

He had not seen, he had not so much as conceived of a beautiful, simply refined girl like this, with so much of the child in her that she gave him the sense of being open and frank as the day. Yet there was something in her which daunted him, more than he was impressed by anything in the mature woman of the world beside him; though when he was beside Lady Thwaite she had him in her power, and caused him to do her behests.

In the presence of a third person Lady Thwaite was doubly bound to refrain from the faintest approach to making game of her kinsman and guest. But she imagined Sir William did not see what she was about. Iris Compton was not much of a third person, while her company enhanced the fun of the thing to such an extent that Lady Thwaite could not resist

prolonging the joke, were it only to watch its effect on Iris, and how far her gravity would stand the strain to which it was subjected.

Lady Thwaite sought to inveigle Sir William back into the hollow of the detestable cavernous chair. She gravely asked his opinion of the genuineness of her old Chelsea. She said Miss Compton would excuse them if they went on winding their silk, after a scene in a great English classic which Sir William must recall.

Iris's carnation cheeks flushed a rosier red. She started up, as when she ran to the aid of the unfortunate footman with the gash across his palm. It was a mental wound which at this moment called for her aid, and she could no more withhold it from the second than from the first sufferer. To be art and part in hurting anybody's feelings, wilfully and wantonly, was about as impossible to Iris Compton, as to conspire in dealing a stab with a knife, or to refrain from seeking to stem the flow of the life blood. Nay, she went farther in her sensitiveness, her own feelings were hurt in the hurt feelings of her neighbors, with a keenness which was positively painful. In addition, she endured uncalled-for remorse and affront as if she were accessory to the offence.

Iris protested quickly, "No, no, Lady Thwaite, I can help you far better — Sir William will forgive me for saying so. Besides, what has become of the ingenious winding-machine you showed me the last time I was here? Ah! I see it on the table in the corner. If you have tired of using it let me try it."

She sat down, made the machine fast to the table, and twirled it round with her light fingers. She kept up the other ball of small talk with Lady Thwaite, making it turn upon the weather, about which anybody surely could venture an observation. Then she referred tentatively to the meteorological signals from America transmitted across the ocean. At last diverging adventurously to sea voyages, she said pleasantly that she believed Sir William Thwaite was the only person present who had any experience in that respect. The manoeuvre was as prettily ingenious as the winding-machine, without containing a grain of affability or patronage.

He could not help answering the bright appeal. He said he had made two voyages, the one in rough and the other in fine weather, and he could not help thinking she — the ladies before him, would

have liked the sea and the great steamer after they had grown accustomed to the motion of the vessel.

Lady Thwaite, restored to her good behavior, professed an ardent interest in porpoises, albatrosses, and flying-fish, as if each belonged by right to the other, jumbling the whole together in a somewhat astounding fashion for so clever and fully equipped a woman.

Then more visitors came in whom Lady Thwaite went to entertain, while Miss Compton stayed for a few minutes talking to Sir William. She set him at his ease in the simplest, kindest manner. She made him feel that he was the conveyer to her of some unsophistically, graphically given descriptions of wonderful places where she had never been and was never likely to be. He was able to tell her particulars worth hearing of the Hooghly and the Sunderbunds, the Ganges and the Ghauts, Delhi and Benares, and far-away Afghanistan.

Suddenly he broke off and startled her with the mute eloquence of those dark-blue eyes of his, before he began to speak on a totally different theme. He was so stirred and roused by her sweetness and fellow-feeling that he was moved to confide in her.

"I have not read much," he said modestly, "mostly travels and histories of campaigns such as they provide for fellows in barracks, but I have been turning over some of the Whitehills books since I came here — stories and that kind of stuff. I think I know the book and picture Lady Thwaite referred to. But if I am like that nabob fellow — though I have not brought home shawls and muslins and fine stones, how can she compare herself to the woman who tried to take him in?"

"Oh, she did not mean to carry out the comparison, she was not in earnest," said Iris, coloring and very much in earnest herself, to reassure him and to withdraw if possible the sting from the absurd simile. "Thackeray is so popular that a trifle recalls his famous scenes, don't you see?"

He did see that she was good to him. Was she one of those fine young ladies — as good as she was fine — of whom Jen had spoken? But if so she was only the farther removed from him. Whatever her grandmother might be, these lips of hers looked as if they had never spoken an unbecoming word, while his had been soiled by the coarse language of the barrack yard and the ale-house. He was surprised that he could have taken it upon

him to speak to her; yet here again she was in her innocent ignorance asking him more questions about punkahs and howdahs, elephants and tigers, and pretending interest in his answers, so that he could not reply shortly and evasively.

Lady Thwaite cast a doubtful, inquiring look at the couple.

"Can that girl be making a dead set at my Sir William? Did I ruffle the gentleman? Has he got on so fast that his pride has to be studied? My humblest apologies to him; my bear is learning to dance. It is the first time she has seen him. If it were any one else I should know what to think, but Iris Compton is half a goose, half a saint, and she may just as well leave her settlement in life to that formidable grandmother of hers, who will never suffer another finger — not that of the person principally concerned — in the pie."

He rode home, wondering if he should ever see Iris Compton again, and assuring himself that it did not signify in the very least whether he did or not. She was a creature made of another clay. He was a fallen spirit beside her. In her beauty, which he compared to that of an angel, and her tenderness of heart, she could feel compassion for his degradation and for his miserably false position; but as to drawing nearer to her, the step was impossible, and he would die sooner than take advantage of her. Yet, apart from so gross an abuse of her charity, he had a notion that he could have gone on speaking to her, enticed by her gentle encouragement — even telling her of Jen and Lawrie and beseeching her forgiveness as if he had sinned against her in his sins against them, and in his rough falls — begging for counsel and guidance in the troubled life which lay before him.

Iris Compton drove back to Lambford and went to her grandmother with the scrap of news she would care to hear.

"I have met Sir William Thwaite, grandmamma. He was with Lady Thwaite at Netherton when I called," she addressed a wizened mummy in an envelope of sealskin drawn over a quilted woollen dressing-gown, hugging her dressing-room fire, but turning on the speaker a pair of the keenest, most undimmed, cat-like eyes that were ever sunk in the puckered, fallen-in face of a human being who had seen more than eighty summers and winters.

"You were in luck, child," said the old lady, propitiated by the offering. "What was the ogre like?"

"He was not very big," answered Iris with momentarily stupid literalness, puzzled at the same time to give a description that would satisfy her grandmother. "He seemed a good sort of young man. He was homespun certainly, but he did not assume anything. I rather liked him." Then she went on with a great deal more animation. "I don't think Lady Thwaite was behaving well to him. She was amusing herself at his expense when I went in, and she wished me to join in the amusement. From what he said afterwards, I think he saw what she was about. I hope it was not officious in me to try and stop it, but I could not stay and look on and laugh in my sleeve, as she meant me to do."

Lady Fermor did not care either for what her granddaughter had thought or done, though these were exactly the points which would have bulked largely in the minds of most mothers and grandmothers. She was only interested in Lady Thwaite and Sir William. "Just like Ada Thwaite," she began, with an impatient snort; "always taking her own in the way of diversion when she cannot take it in more solid coin, picking the parvenu's pockets, no doubt, and in the act showing him up to the polite world."

"But she is very good-natured," remonstrated Iris, beginning to repent of her own censure; "she put herself about to chaperon me to the hunt-ball before Sir John's death, and she drove all round by Cavesham the other day, to ask at the station for your parcel, which was supposed to have been left there."

"She is as fond of company as the youngest chit she professes to take care of; and she wanted an excuse to call and hear what I had to say about the bumpkin baronet. She thought I might remember something of wild Dicky Thwaite, but though I have met one of his nephews, he had done for himself and left this part of the country long before I came to it. I suppose she will imagine I saw Noah go into the ark next. You have never told me what the man is like?"

"He seemed a good sort of young man," repeated Iris not very clearly.

Lady Fermor gave another snort. "That is nothing to the purpose, unless you thought of engaging him for a footman," she said ironically. "I conclude you know a man when you see him. Is he a fine-looking fellow under his rough rearing? or is he a cut below being polished? I have known the day when I should not have had to take at second

hand the report of any young spark in my neighborhood."

"I think he is rather nice-looking — I should say so — yes, I am sure; he has good eyes," hesitated Iris, growing confused under the cross-examination and the certainty of giving fresh offence. Conscious, too, alas! that, though she had shared in the lively curiosity of the neighborhood, still after the first glance, she had not bestowed the most careful inspection on Sir William's outer man.

"You will tell me next that he has a nose and mouth like other people," cried Lady Fermor scornfully, "and that he speaks when he is spoken to. But I will judge of Sir William Thwaite for myself. I shall drive over and leave Lord Fermor's card, and then invite the man to a family dinner. He is our nearest neighbor, and we have not too many available neighbors; only old fogies and young scamps out-at-elbows, and long-faced hypocrites. I don't know what has become of all the honest, open-hearted, open-handed fellows I knew when I was young."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### SIR WILLIAM'S FIRST FAMILY DINNER.

LADY FERMROR was as good as her word. She left Lord Fermor's card, she invited Sir William, and, although he had refused other invitations, he accepted this, drawn by an attraction he fought against in vain.

"The old woman may not be too particular," Sir William brooded; "if all is true that is said of her, she ought not to be. But Miss Compton will not look twice at a clodhopper — at worse than a clodhopper, a wild, senseless brute when I was drunk. By George, if she heard of what happened at Nhillpoor — that I rubbed shoulders with the lash, the next thing to rubbing shoulders with the gallops! How dare I go where she is? What if I were found out, and kicked out, as I deserve to be?"

He went, however, committing the presumption and braving the risk.

Lambford had been an old house not unlike Whitehills, but, in an evil hour for architectural harmony, Lord Fermor had built an addition to the house in the utmost discordance with the original, and in the worst possible taste. He had tacked on a new wing twice as high and half-a-dozen times as ornamental as the main body of the building. The entrance, by a great flight of stairs, penetrated this wing, and in this favorite quarter were the pub-

lic rooms, with their ceilings so high that the size of the apartments did not keep them from looking like telescopes. As much light as the season permitted poured between the curtains of rows of great windows extending from floor almost to ceiling. Huge heavy marble chimney pieces surmounted the great grates of polished steel. When Lady Fermor came to Lambford she had caused the principal rooms to be refurnished according to her theory. This was, if a man wanted a handsome dining-room and drawing-room—and if they were not handsome, what were they?—bid him go in for good bright colors, massiveness of form, and plenty of carving. Above all, don't let him grudge plate-glass and gilding. She hated the dim, dirty tints that people pretended to admire nowadays. And as for lattice panes of green glass, worm-eaten chests and cupboards, rickety rush-bottom chairs, and blinking wax candles instead of paraffine lamps, she would not harbor such trash in her garrets. Lambford had been a place to strike the eye when she ordered its upholstery. It had been as magnificent as some of the saloons she had seen in Paris. She admitted the gilding had become tarnished, and the gorgeous colors in the big patterns had parted with much of their splendor, but the solid mahogany, walnut, and rosewood, and the colossal mirrors had worn well, and would last her time. 'For true superbness of style recommend her to the era which reflected the influence of the first gentleman in Europe, George, prince regent.

Sir William Thwaite was certainly impressed when he was shown into the loud, loaded, once costly drawing-rooms, where there was not a particle of evidence of culture beyond an appetite for barbaric weight and glitter, and where the worn, smirched traces of age brought no kindly air of family use and wont—no sense of domestic charities. Lady Fermor had presided with spirit all her own over a great house, but she had never made it a home. Lord Fermor, who had been born and spent his youth there, had no home-like feeling attached to the place, except what belonged to a shut-up portion of the older half of the house, to his private sitting-room and the billiard-room, and to the stables and the kennels, when he was still able to frequent them. Iris was the single member of the household, out of the servants' hall, who had found a home at Lambford; but her home was centred in the old schoolroom, which she was allowed to keep for her morning and working

room, and her white, dimity-hung bedroom.

To Sir William's uninitiated eyes Lambford looked as grand as a palace—not so far removed in its atmosphere from some of the marvellous Indian palaces which he had visited; but it was not in a palace like this that he would have expected to meet a princess like Iris Compton. On the whole, mock palace as it was till Iris came in, he knew himself less out of his old element than he had been conscious of feeling in Lady Thwaite's drawing-room. Lady Fermor, with her strong passions unbridled in the violence of their prime, her long expatriation from any save the fastest and shadiest society, had forfeited in a large measure any claims she had ever possessed to gentle bearing. She was not very different, except in accent and phrase, from the coarse, untrammelled queens of some of the baggage-wagons.

But to do Lady Fermor justice there were other reasons why Sir William should feel at ease with her. All that was most honest and least vindictive in her nature came out when she encountered simple youthful manhood, as the best in many bad women is shown where little children are in question. Men had always exercised far more influence over Lady Fermor than women, and it is just possible that if she had come in contact with better men when she began her career, if she had even borne a son in her younger days, she might have been a very imperfect but a far less guilty woman than she had lived to prove herself.

She had Sir William brought up to her sofa, where she sat by the side of a blazing fire, with her Indian shawl wrapped round the bent, shrunk figure which had once been that of a tall woman, while the yellow old lace of her ruffles and head-dress flapped about her shrivelled hands and creased and crumpled face. She looked him through as he came up to her, and then she rose with the slow stiffness of her years; but there was no stiffness in the cordial tones of the cracked but still resounding voice with which she greeted him, as her young neighbor and friend.

She bade him sit down beside her and began to talk of horses and dogs, of which in truth he did not know much. But as most young men have at their command some sort of vocabulary where these interesting lower animals are concerned, and as she led the conversation, the circumscribed character of his information

did not become conspicuously apparent. She went on to farming, of which Mr. Miles had been talking to the squire of Whitehills, and on which his mind had been naturally dwelling a good deal since he came to the place. Lady Fermor in ruling for her lord had done a considerable amount of highhanded farming for him. She was quite competent to speak on the rotation of crops, on short-horns, South Downs, and Berkshire pigs. And her listener would have followed her vigorous, if one-sided details, with comprehension and tolerable interest, if his attention had not been distracted by the obligation of listening for a coming footstep, varied by an aroused, disturbed apprehension — since he was not acquainted with the habits of the dwellers in these regions — that Miss Compton might not appear or dine with him and her grandmother as he had counted upon her doing.

At last Iris came in, advanced straight to him, and with an outstretched hand and eyes raised to his face, said, without the slightest semblance of insincerity, that she was very glad to see him. At that moment he felt as if it would have been a relief if she had stayed away, he was so dazzled by the vision before him; and mingled with the dazzling there was so little self-assurance and so much trepidation, approaching to discomfiture. He had seen ladies in full dress as he had seen feasts before, but both had been at a distance, and he had never seen any lady like Iris Compton.

Iris wore an Indian muslin with a little bunch of blue field hyacinths at her throat, agreeing with the turquoise brooch that fastened them, the turquoise earrings and bracelets, and the turquoises set in the handle of her ivory fan.

Sir William felt abashed by the fair sight. He shrank secretly from the notion that he might be "paired" with her, which seemed to him not unlikely from their similarity in age, and because there were no other young people present. He was not aware that his rank and importance as a stranger awarded Lady Fermor to him, and that Iris was destined, as a matter of course, to the only other guest present, a middle-aged Major Pollock from Knotley.

Lord Fermor, though in fact younger in years than his wife, was too feeble to take his place at table. The company formed a *partie carrée*, somebody said, which was a statement as mysterious as any sentence in a Chaldean manuscript to Sir William, but he swallowed it with courageous sto-

licity, as he did many more things. He sat at the right hand of Lady Fermor, and continued to hear her opinions on farm stock and the grain markets. He was not asked to carve. Her ladyship had accepted a fashion which chimed in with the disqualifications that had long been invading the powers of the host and hostess at Lambford. Everything was carved at the sideboard. There was actually nothing to disturb the guest, whom her ladyship delighted to honor, in his proper business of dining and listening to his companion, unless he let his eyes and thoughts stray to the couple opposite. He had conceived an instant aversion to Major Pollock, which subsequent inquiries justified. He was a gentleman of decidedly objectionable antecedents, whose only merit, if it could be called a merit, was that, when a young man, he had stood by Lady Fermor in the miserable crisis of her history. She boasted that she never forgot an old friend, therefore Pollock continued an *habitué* of the house, though in this instance the wicked had not flourished like a green bay tree. The major had played what might have been a pleasant, but what had also been an unmistakably losing game throughout the greater part of his life. His ungilded sins were not of such a remote date as to have sunk into partial oblivion like Lady Fermor's; one especially — an affair at a London club, which his fellow-men had decided to be of an aggravated character, and had insisted on regarding with righteous indignation — had very nearly done for the gentleman. This was true even in the wilds of Eastham, to which he had returned with his fallen fortunes, setting up a bachelor's household — fastidious only on the grand questions of meat and drink — in a house which belonged to his family, in the market town of Knotley.

All these parings of biography Sir William picked up and fitted together later. His dislike to his *vis-à-vis*, with his burly person, exceedingly black hair, twirled moustache, and crows' toes, was purely instinctive. Sir William had not even the excuse of finding Major Pollock on a detestably friendly footing with Miss Compton, such as the gentleman's freedom of the house, and the unceremonious terms he was on with Lady Fermor, might have warranted. It was clear that even Miss Compton's unsophisticatedness and good-nature rebelled against the mingled leer and sneer which constituted Major Pollock's odious expression where women were concerned. She looked as if she



had an uneasy sense — similar to the old pricking of the thumbs — of something evil, beyond her power to cope with and remedy, in her vicinity. Even a neophyte could not mistake the constrained civility of her bearing to her partner at table. He submitted to take his cue from her, probably with the sullen, cowed notion that Lady Fermor, who kept all that remained of her graceless satellites well in hand, approved of her granddaughter's conduct in this particular, and did not choose that a notorious black sheep should approach too closely to the girl.

The *contretemps* of the evening occurred when Sir William drew back his glass, a third time, as it was about to be filled.

"What is it, Sir William?" cried the old woman of the world, puzzled, through all her accumulated knowledge, at this marked instance of abstinence. "If you will not have Château Margeaux, try Madeira, or do you prefer dry champagne? We must have some brand that will suit you. Let me help you myself."

"Thank you, my lady," said the incorrigible Sir William, not troubled by the form of address, but showing symptoms of agitation at the hospitable contention which he foresaw awaited him, and which was inexpressibly painful to him, "I don't drink anything except water; I never do."

"Not drink anything except water!" exclaimed Lady Fermor, in so high a key as to have attracted the attention of the whole party if it had been otherwise engaged, and not lying in wait for any general discussion, "I have heard that the old, under-bred temperance movement is spreading in odd quarters, and making the noise in the world which empty tomfoolery always makes. Acton," naming her rector, "has taken it up — Bands of Hope, coffee-houses and all, 'for the good of his working-men,' he says, as if his working women never enter an ale-house, or as if his claret has anything to do with their beer. But you are not a parson; there is no earthly call for you to serve as an example."

"It is not that; it is my own look-out," he stammered bluntly, fidgeting and crimsoning, thinking that he was badgered, and conscious that his temper was rising, but striving to bridle it in such a presence; "a friend made me promise."

"Oh, bother such promises!" interrupted Lady Fermor with impatient scorn; "I wonder you pay heed to such stuff. Some officious idiot has taken advantage of you."

While he listened — amidst what

seemed to him the splendor of the Lambford dining-table, with its blaze of lights, its glittering silver and crystal, its sweet flowers and dainty cheer — there rose up before him the interior of a soldier's hut, and the spectacle of Jen worn out by her efforts to save him, pleading with her last gasp that he might redeem himself from destruction.

His manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. He lost command over himself. His blue eyes sparkled like steel. "I will do as I choose in what is nobody's business save my own," he shouted, looking round him fiercely; "and whatever you or other gentlefolks may think of promises, I will keep mine."

He brought down his clenched hand with violence on the table.

The effect of a sudden thunderclap so loud as to warrant the suspicion that the house had been struck, might have borne some resemblance to the shock Sir William produced. Lady Fermor, possibly for the first time in her long life, sat open-mouthed, with her shaking hand, arrested on its road to a bottle, which a servant was presenting to her, lying orthodoxly on its side.

Major Pollock swore a private oath, which had to do with a "canting brute," clamped his moustache to prevent an audible "Haw! haw!" or a snarling reminder of his warning of what might come of ladies having anything to do with the scum of a barrack-yard such as he had known, even though this man had been discovered to represent a baronet and squire.

Iris looked half frightened, but her eyes shone.

The servants, not unaccustomed to extraordinary demonstrations at Lambford, preserved their composure, though they were posed by a novelty.

Sir William, who had become as pale as he had been red, rose to his feet. "I have to beg every one's pardon if I have given offence and been insufferably rude," he said, with proud humility, inadvertently glancing across at Iris. "Everybody knows what I am come from, that I have grown up a rough chap, unfit for such company."

Lady Fermor interrupted him. She had been looking him through again, and now she put her weak hand, with an imperative gesture, on his arm, as a signal to him to sit down again. "My dear boy — you will suffer the word from an old woman," she said a little hoarsely, "let



the matter rest. You shall never be interfered with again, though you should take it into your head to eat pulse as well as to drink water. I could have wished, for your own sake, you had not adopted this freak, for it will be against your making your way in the county. You see I speak plainly in defence of my opinions, though plenty of people will tell you they are not worth defending. But the affair is your own, as you say. If anybody is called on to apologize for getting up a row, I think I ought to figure as the guilty person. But I have lived more than eighty years a sinner instead of a saint, so what would you have?"

"Nothing, nothing," he protested incoherently; "you can't suppose that I want you to excuse yourself, that I did not guess you meant kindly by me, or that I sought to dictate—save the mark!—to anybody."

"Well, then, we'll let the argument drop and the dinner go on in peace," said Lady Fermor, with the quickly restored philosophy of a once practised judge of appeal in dinner and card-table squabbles.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE CARD-TABLES.

LADY FERMOR showed no diminution of favor to Sir William because of the sharp skirmish that had followed his introduction to her house. She would never have forgiven a woman for persistent opposition to her will, and the consequent outrage on conventional good manners. But her estimate of men had always been as far apart as the poles from her judgment of women. She liked men to have wills of their own.

When she rose from the table she took Sir William's arm, availing herself of his support instead of her old ally's aid, or her granddaughter's shoulder, or her own stick, to help her to reach the drawing-room, where she still kept her new friend by her side. She improved on her lectures on agriculture by presenting him with sketches—pungent, though kept within bounds—drawn from her circle of neighbors.

Once Major Pollock tried to strike in with a malicious inquiry whether Sir William still interested himself in military matters. The public found men in every branch of the service favoring it with their experience nowadays. It might be worth while to get Sir William's opinion on recruits, or rations, or the like. Major Pollock felt sure it would carry weight,

and would receive all the attention it deserved.

Sir William had from the first looked askance at the half-pay officer—who, by the way, had never seen more distant regimental quarters than were to be found in Ireland—and now knit his brows in perplexity and annoyance. But Lady Fermor promptly interposed and put a stop to the cross-examination. She was more than a match for a creature like Pollock, and she would show him what he should have for his impertinence in daring to plague any person she protected. "We will have no shop talk here, Pollock," she said with grim decision. "Indeed, your theories must be so antiquated, and, if I am not mistaken, some of your recollections of your old regiment so disagreeable, that I recommend you not to attempt to compare notes with Sir William here or anywhere;" a significant reminder which caused the gentleman to retreat with a scowl.

Tea and coffee were brought in. Major Pollock read the newspapers sulkily. Iris flitted like a white butterfly through the great gorgeous room.

"Play or sing something, child," cried her grandmother; and then from the grand piano, massive like the rest of the furniture, though the march of time had reached the instrument in its corner, there issued for the intruder not the bravura strains which the once strong fingers of Lady Fermor had forced from the cracking strings, but the music of the spheres wistfully rising and softly falling and dying away; songs with words and without words, by Schubert and Mendelssohn, Chopin's passionate, pathetic Polish mazurkas, quaint, tender ballads by unknown singers in the far-off, misty past. He on whose ear every note thrilled, would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth hot with the death-warrants of battle, than approached uninvited the girlish figure behind the heavy barricade, even though he had been freed from Lady Fermor's detention.

Though Lord Fermor could no longer take the foot of his table at dinner, he tottered into the drawing-room on the arm of his valet. The peer was a bent wreck of a man, with lack-lustre eyes, and a tongue which still wagged at intervals, no doubt, but had ceased to be under the sure control of the brain. He looked so pitiable an object, that Sir William sprang up, as if he, a young man in his strength, were fain to salute age in its last mournful decay.

"Come along, Fermor," cried Lady Fermor in what had been her view-halloo voice, "you are as fresh as a daisy to-night. We'll have you following the hounds again, one of these fine days."

"If you say so, my lady," piped Lord Fermor in his thin treble, showing his toothless gums, with the ghost of a smile for the woman who had been his ruin and was his last stay, "then it must be all right. But where are the card-tables?"

Cards were the sole means of excitement remaining to the couple; and to do the two justice, it was more for a necessary stimulant, than from an unholy greed of gain, that Lambford had acquired its last bad name for play. Lord Fermor's encumbered rent-roll was still more than enough for their fast diminishing expenses, and would last their time, while Iris was the only descendant of the two to profit by their acquisitions. There was an heir to the barony and entailed estate who was a nephew of the present Lord Fermor, his first wife having died childless. But though the reigning peer and his second wife consented to accept Mr. Mildmay's tardy overtures, the master and mistress of Lambford cared nothing for their successor, naturally. They regarded him as looking out for their deaths, and taking stock of what was to come to him, every time he showed his face at his future place.

Major Pollock had thrown down his paper to be ready for action, though he received no further encouragement from his host than a peevish, scantily civil, "Dear me, Pollock, have you ventured out in this east wind? I rather wonder at you, but since you are here, you'll help us with some game or other."

"All of us have not your privileges, Lord Fermor," said Major Pollock dryly, "but it is always something to be of use."

"I am afraid to ask if you play cards, Sir William," said Lady Fermor, with the drollest suspicion of timidity, which was yet perfectly sincere, in her voice and manner, as she spoke to her next neighbor in a tone half doubtful, half insinuating.

"I have played," he admitted, "but I may not know any of your games."

"*N'importe, mon cher*, I will teach you," she said gayly.

"No, Pollock, you are to have nothing to do with the lesson," she interposed peremptorily, to prevent a quick movement of the major in their direction; "Sir William is to be my pupil, and my

opponent when he has learnt his lesson, do you hear? I don't want any interference with the course of instruction which I propose to give him."

"Very well, Lady Fermor, you shall make your little game," said Major Pollock, retreating with a shrug and the beginning of a snarl worked off by the relief of delivering an unpleasant *double entendre*, "I may as well take myself off, and face the east wind which has incurred Fermor's displeasure, since I cannot even have the comfort of finding myself useful."

"Bosh, Pollock," exclaimed the old lady, who belonged to the generation of women that had taken delight in addressing men freely by their surnames. In fact she was even now dropping the formal "Sir William," and, somewhat to his surprise, calling her newest fancy "Thwaite," as his old comrades' wives had done. She was not out of humor. She had just been propitiated by Sir William's concession to card-playing. She desired to make amends to her old ally. "You are not going to set up being thinskinnyed at this time of the day," she rallied him; "you know I don't like my lord to play without me at his elbow, since he is not able for too much excitement, and wants me to keep him in order, don't you, Fermor? But there, you may tackle him to-night, and Iris will help him with his cards."

"Thanks," said Major Pollock. "It will be an unequal match; I shall have to put forth all my skill against the combined forces of Lord Fermor and Miss Compton. Besides, don't you think"—he passed behind her chair and dropped the words into her ear—"it is late in the day for me to begin to play the parts of dry nurse and keeper?"

She frowned with rising wrath, but she shook her fan at him the next moment. "You are a queer creature. You have gone on finding fault with the side on which your bread was buttered, ever since I have known you, and as that is neither to-day nor yesterday, I fancy I must put up with you to the end."

Sir William ran the most imminent risk of convincing Lady Fermor, against her will, that he was a blockhead of the first water, for the same couple that had threatened to play ducks and drakes with his powers of attention and response during dinner, now formed part of a trio, with only two little tables between him and them. Major Pollock, whose sight was failing, sat turned to one side in order to

catch the full light from the lamp on its stand just behind him. He did not serve as a screen to shut out the view of Miss Compton and her grandfather from the furtive gazer. Dewy youth and decrepit age sat side by side, as Iris marshalled her grandfather's cards, put them into his fumbling hands to play out in their order, and marked his numbers for him. She devoted all her care to Lord Fermor, as if she would look as little as possible at their antagonist.

Major Pollock did not play with the scornful, reckless indifference that he might have displayed, had there not been golden stakes on which his eyes gloated; for he was a broken-down gentleman, up to the neck in difficulties, as everybody knew. But Iris did not wish him to have her grandfather's money. Major Pollock made her very angry by the want of feeling and reverence with which he took off, every now and then, the scarcely conscious old man's pitiable weaknesses, turning them almost openly into merciless ridicule. She believed he dared not have done it, if Lady Fermor had been disengaged enough to see what he was about, but he dared to do it before her, Iris, in mean revenge for being set down to play this poor little game of *bélique* instead of being allowed to play a higher game.

As a rule Iris was not called on to assist at any of the Lambford card tables unless her grandfather and grandmother were alone, when they strictly limited their necessarily tame diversion to taking from Peter to give to Paul. It was the first battle she had fought on her own — that is on her grandfather's account against an unscrupulous adversary. She regarded the field as unworthy, but she stood by her guns and showed no want of courage and determination. Young as she was, the protective instinct was already strong in her. All that Sir William understood of the pantomime, was that Iris's little face was flushed, and her lovely bow of a mouth straightened and compressed. If he could only have seen beneath the soft, fine rings curling like a child's hair on her forehead, he would have discovered that the big brow which ought to have been smooth as ivory, was ruffled and rumpled with intentness and vexation.

The young man could not imagine that the girl cared any more than he did for the little heap of sovereigns with which, at Lady Fermor's suggestion, he and she had also adorned their table. Any former experience he had enjoyed in this line, had

been in trials of chance of a nature little better than pitch and toss, and in betting on such races as some of his officers had managed to get up even in India. His losses had never been so deadly as to imbue either himself or Jen with a horror of the propensity. But he could see that Miss Compton had enough to try her. Not merely was her grandfather inclined to be aimlessly restive and to remonstrate without any distinct notion of what he objected to, with regard to every card she sought out, and number she marked. Between the deals, Lord Fermor's clouded memory invariably reverted to an awkward subject of inquiry. "Who is the youngster playing with your grandmother, girl?" he demanded irritably, over and over again. He spoke as if the knowledge had been wilfully and injuriously withheld from him, and Iris had to hasten to reply in a succession of explanations delivered, with regard to Lord Fermor's deafness, in full ear-shot of the object of his curiosity. She bit her lips and looked in an opposite direction, as she kept saying every time, "It is Sir William Thwaite, grandpapa."

"And who the mischief is Sir William Thwaite? never heard of him in all my days," grumbled the insatiable questioner.

"Oh, Sir William who has succeeded old Sir John, and has lately come to Whitehills."

"What! Is Sir John dead? Why have I never heard of it? Who the dickens will go next, I wonder?"

She would not laugh, because Major Pollock was grinning maliciously without scruple or disguise. And if that grin were observed either by Lord Fermor or Sir William, it might be enough to exasperate the innocent offender into a frenzy, or to cover the still more innocent victim with confusion of face. She bore the assaults on her patience and temper wonderfully, but at last her girlish gravity gave way; yet even in yielding to the irresistible provocation, she did not join in Major Pollock's laugh. She looked across with half-shy frankness and laughed a deprecating appeal to Sir William, who colored to the roots of his hair as he smiled slowly back to her. She was like an angel, Sir William vowed, with a swelling heart, and he was inspired and emboldened to take a step on which he would not have ventured earlier. When the game was finished and everybody rose, he happened to be standing near Iris for a moment. In that moment he had "the impudence," as he called it afterwards, to

speak to her for a second time aside, to beg her pardon specially.

"I am sorry for what took place during dinner," he muttered. "Lady Fermor has been good enough to look over it, but I behaved like a sulky brute."

She glanced up at him with a light kindling in her hazel eyes, her face grew grave, but it was very gentle and sweet in its womanly gravity. She spoke with generous impulsiveness, "Don't apologize, I am sure you did quite right."

The Greek Iris was said to cut the last strand of human destiny, to refresh the parched earth by pouring down rivers of waters from the lowering clouds, and then to glorify them with all the colors of the rainbow. But this English Iris unwittingly knotted instead of cutting a terrible tangle in a poor mortal's career, poured out the beginning of a flood of trouble and sorrow on his devoted head, and then shone above him in incomparable radiance, as if that could have brought any balm to his woes.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
ABOUT OLD AND NEW NOVELS.

THIS essay — the scanty fruit of a long leisure, shortened only by light reading and reflection on it — was originally to be entitled, "Why are old novels so entertaining and modern ones so tedious?" Fortunately for him, the author met in time a highly cultured, and, on the whole, unprejudiced English lady who confessed to him that she had never been able to read "Tom Jones" to the end, whilst a young diplomat of literary pretensions assured him that "The Nabob" was infinitely more entertaining than "Don Quixote." Then only the author began to understand how relative an idea is attached to the word "entertaining," and that perhaps the modern reader is quite as accountable as the modern novelist, if the novel of to-day is so — well, so different from the old. Let us then speak only of this difference. For why establish supervision, distribute praise and blame, by which nobody learns anything, when it is so much more instructive to investigate the what and the why of certain phenomena, and to leave every one to be judge of his pleasure and displeasure.

As, however, there has been a question of entertaining reading, be it understood from the beginning that the amusement novel, properly so called — *i.e.*, that which

has no other aim but amusement, and which the French have brought to perfection in our century, shall be at present excluded from consideration, although it often shows more talent and artistic instinct than more pretentious work of the *genre*. If we thus exclude such novels it is because we wish to limit ourselves to those productions of literature which give themselves out as works of art, and which realize as well as explain to us the mode of thinking of the different periods. Let us not forget either that in all such historical comparisons dates must not be taken too literally, and that exceptions are not to be taken into consideration. The fact that Manzoni, Jeremiah Gotthoff, Gottfried Keller, have written between 1820 and 1860, and have even given a voice to certain currents of the century, does not make it the less true, that, considered as artists — *i.e.*, in their way of seeing and treating their subject, they do not belong to the time which has seen the *floraison* of George Sand and Dickens, still less to the time which has produced a Freytag, George Eliot, and Octave Feuillet.\* For whatever one may think of the fact, it would be difficult to deny it; the whole literature of fiction in Europe, from Homer to Goethe, is severed by a deep abyss from that of our century, whose productions bear always, in spite of all differences, a certain family likeness; in other terms, men, authors as well as readers, for three thousand years saw the task of literature in another light from that in which we have seen it for the last hundred years.

Strangely enough, the novelists of the younger generation, who, like E. Zola, Spielhagen, Henry James, and W. D. Howells, are never weary of treating their own art in a theoretico-critical way, which would probably never have occurred to a Charles Dickens, seem to have no consciousness whatever of this difference of periods. No doubt all the theories of those practitioners rest upon the tacit, sometimes also the outspoken, supposition of the superiority of the novel of to-day over that of former times, or at least of a progress in the development of this *genre*. To this there would be little to object, if the writers in question were awake to the fact that such a progress can only concern what is technical, and

\* Björnson too might be numbered among those few artists whom chance has allowed to be born in this unartistic time, were it not that he has so often, particularly in later times, let himself be carried away by the example of his contemporaries.

consequently is of very little artistic value. The progress in technique from Benozzi Sozzoli to the Caracci is very considerable; nobody would admit as a consequence that the artistic value of the Farnese gallery is, in spite of its cleverest *racontours*, greater than that of a fresco in the Campo Santo, with all its defects in drawing and perspective. Now, it is difficult not to feel in these disquisitions of the specialists a consciousness of having also realized a progress. The new novel is "finer" than the old one, says Mr. Howells quite candidly, while the others plainly imply the same; and they mean not only a superiority in composition, dialogue, etc., but also a more careful study of feelings and passions, a more delicate delineation of characters, a deeper knowledge of society and its influence on the individual; for that the older writers could have no other reason for their reticence than ignorance or want of power to show their knowledge of these things, is an undoubted fact to our modern novelists, who have never learned the art of "wise omission."

It is characteristic that this ignoring of the past and forgetting of all proportion show themselves most crudely in the North Americans, for whom even Dickens and Thackeray belong already to the antique. Thus, even people of an entirely European culture like Mr. H. James speak of M. Alphonse Daudet with an admiration so unlimited that one might be tempted to believe that the readers beyond the Atlantic are unaware of the existence of a Fielding. Fortunately, Mr. J. R. Lowell's beautiful speech on the author of "Tom Jones" proves that there are still Americans who know where the real models of the art of narration are to be sought for. Besides, there are people enough in the Old World also, who, like Mr. John Bright, do not hesitate to place any middling novelist or historian of our time above Homer and Thucydides, whom they ought to have had more opportunity to read than their American co-religionists. It is not uncommon to hear such *naïveté* praised as an enviable freshness of impression and judgment; but this rests on a thorough confusion of ideas. Such impressions are not received, such judgments are not given, by people who stand nearer to nature than ourselves, but on the contrary by such as have no bridge behind them which might have brought them over from nature to our civilization. I can with confidence place "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Numa Roumestan" in

the hands of a boy who was brought up in the country and has never seen a newspaper: he will not hesitate a moment between the two. The trial would already be more doubtful with a young man of classical culture; but as to a lad who had learned to read in leading articles and had left the professional school only to enter on the wholly artificial relations and modes of thinking of our society, one could scarcely expect from him that he should prefer the pure wine of Goldsmith to M. Daudet's intoxicating beverage. The great majority of the younger generation has come into the world as it were grown-up, has been born into the modern civilization, whilst we older ones have at least slowly grown into it, and have consequently some inkling of the fact that under the clothes there is also something like a body. Now, the clothing of our century — *i.e.*, our civilization, is perhaps more complicated and artificial than any that went before it, and those who live in it like to imagine that what is more complicated is also more valuable. Hence the accumulation of details which characterizes our literature and corresponds at the same time to our scientific habits. A microscopic anatomy of human nature — now in its coarser manifestations, as with M. Zola or Guy de Maupassant, now in its nobler organs, as with George Eliot and Ivan Turgeneff, would be vainly searched for in the older authors. The style has become more complicated; all sciences, every technic, are forced into service, all archaisms and neologisms gathered together in the dictionaries, unusual and surprising juxtaposition of words are used to make the descriptions more effective, without however attaining the wished-for effect. It is particularly the native country of taste, the home of measure and "sobriety," which pleases itself with these exercises; and on the one hand, persons with no other talent than that of corrupting language, taste, and morals, weary themselves — *cauta Minerva* — with manufacturing so-called *tableaux de mœurs*, while, on the other hand, richly gifted writers trade upon their facility in order to bring all their superfluity on the market and to suffocate the readers under the weight of their adjectives. But "when the taste for simplicity is once destroyed" says Walter Scott, "it is long ere a nation recovers it." It is perhaps worth while to investigate more clearly than has been hitherto done, the essence of this new tendency of mind and taste.



## I.

THE whole intellectual life of our century, and especially of the second half of it, is permeated by the scientific habits and the new morals which came into prominence shortly before the French Revolution, and which since the definitive defeat of romanticism towards the middle of our century, have attained almost absolute power. Now, both the scientific and the moral view of the world are not only insusceptible of artistic treatment — they are incompatible with it, nay, are the negation of it. Also, the novel, as far as it is an artistic *genre*, has suffered from the reign of these modern principles as much as, and more than, all other artistic *genres*, because, thanks to its form, it lends itself more easily to scientific treatment and moral jurisdiction than any other. No doubt there lived before the Revolution individual men who carried the scientific and moral standard into regions where they have no right nor currency; but they were isolated instances; nowadays, this double point of view dominates the whole of literature, and — as our culture has become exclusively book-culture — of culture also. No doubt mankind lives on even to-day as if those principles did not exist. It would be impossible otherwise to live; but as soon as it is bent upon judging, knowing, or reproducing life, it no longer uses any but those two methods.

Science aims at the knowledge of the world and its casual connection. It destroys individual life in order to find its laws — *i.e.*, what is common to individual phenomena. Art, on the contrary, seeks to know and interpret the world by seizing and reproducing the unity of individual life; it eliminates the general in order better to seize the particular, and in the particular it eliminates what is accidental that it may better see and show the essential. Now, as the general is only an abstraction of our intellect, and real life manifests itself only in the particular, it follows that art, in one sense, is truer than science. This, however, does not touch our question; what I want to prove is, that the so-called scientific treatment of an object can only be harmful to art, in the same way as the artistic treatment of science on its side can give rise to the monstrosities about which scientists are fond of telling edifying stories. When however M. Zola, for instance, declines the honor of having constructed works of art, the men of science will not therefore

be much disposed to ascribe to him merits in science. For his works, whatever else they may be, are productions of the imagination, and consequently utterly useless to science, which reckons only on realities and can find no laws on such phantasms. Besides, all scientific labor is collective and progressive; artistic work is individual and self-inclusive. Each new work of science supersedes its predecessor, at least in part, until it is entirely antiquated. The scientific achievement remains immortal, the scientific work must perish. Would M. Zola resign himself to that, and does he seriously imagine that "Nana" and "Pot-bouilli" are scientific achievements — *i.e.*, rings in the infinite chain of science? Certainly not. At bottom, however, these gentlemen of the scientific school make their scientific pretensions in no such strict sense. What they aspire to is to create works of art by the instrument of science, and to treat of objects, which are the results of science, while they have only the instrument of art, as well as the standard for judging the artistic value of objects; and here arises the question whether such an enterprise is not from the beginning sure to be a failure.

The instrument, if I may so phrase it, which science uses to attain its aim, is understanding; that of art intuition. Science knows only a conscious knowledge of things, art only an unconscious one; and as the artist renders only what he has acquired unconsciously and directly through intuition, the artistic spectator or reader seizes what is given to him only intuitively, not consciously. Both proceed as we proceed in ordinary life and for practical purposes; art, therefore, is much nearer life than science. We know a person as a whole: often we do not even know whether his eyes are blue or brown, whether he has a high or a low forehead; and we are nevertheless surer of this our unconscious knowledge than the most accurate physiognomical analysis could make us. Language has equally formed itself unconsciously, is learned unconsciously, and is for the most part used unconsciously, particularly in emotion; but it renders our feeling more faithfully than any elaborate choice of expressions would be able to do. For the scientist, it is true, language is what numbers are for the mathematician; it gives no image, but only the abstract expression of things. The physician — we Germans call him the "artist," *Arzt* — seizes first the total impression of his pa-



tient, without rendering to himself an account, often without being able to render to himself an account, of its components; and he relies exclusively on the thermometer and determinate symptoms, precisely because he has not the *coup d'œil*. Now our whole cultured society, readers as well as authors, have no longer the *coup d'œil*. The latter see only what they have consciously considered, and consequently give only that; the former on their side have got accustomed to be content with that, nay, to be proud of it, because they thus can give themselves an account of everything, which is no small satisfaction to the vanity of the understanding. But what is the consequence of the whole proceeding?

An author undertakes to paint the inner man and the outer world. He is to fulfil the former aim by an accurate psychological analysis; the latter by a careful description. Now, in reality those psychological qualities have no existence whatever; they are an abstraction of our intellect, and therefore even the completest enumeration can produce no living image, even if our imagination were able to reconstruct a unity out of such plurality; whereas one characteristic feature would suffice to evoke the total impression of a personality. For it is not the parts which make man, but the cohesion; as soon as this ceases, life ceases. Now, conscious intellect never seizes the cohesion; unconscious intuition alone seizes it; and to render this with conviction is art — i.e., reproduction of life. As much may be said of the description of the outer world; a whole page of M. Daudet, in which he describes all the articles to be sold in the shop of a southern provision-dealer, not omitting each individual smell, and all the furniture with all the lights falling on it, is not worth the two verses in which Heine calls up to us the cavern of Uraka, as if we saw it with our bodily eyes. The former, in fact, is a faithful inventory, which we never make in life, and which consequently touches our imagination as little as the list of an upholsterer; these two verses awake in us a sensation, and so dispose our mood as to set at once our imagination to work, because there is action in them, and the action therein shown acts in turn on the reader.

Art is more economical than science; and the lavishness of authors who believe they proceed scientifically when they omit nothing of what a careful examination of an object or an action and its mo-

tives has revealed to them, is nothing but the profitless expenditure of the prodigal. Art shows us Philina, in the general confusion and despair, sitting quietly and rattling with her keys on the saved trunk, and the irresistible stands more vividly before our eyes than would have been possible by a long enumeration of her charms, or a detailed description of the means by which she has succeeded in getting off so cheaply, and a modern writer would certainly not have let pass the opportunity of both without taking advantage of it; for second to description, explanation is his principal pleasure. It is not to be denied that in these modern novels there is a more minute observation of social and psychological facts, a closer exposition of all laws of feeling and thought, a more conscientious watching over their growth, and a more laborious analysis of the passions and their motives, than are to be found in the older novels of this, and apparently of the past, century. The whole development of a man is gone through; and if possible even that of his parents and grandparents — for this, too, passes for an application of scientific results — until finally we have forgotten the man himself, as he is. True art cares little about the genesis of character; it introduces man as a finished being, and lets him explain himself by his acts and words. Shakespeare leaves it to the German *savant* to explain how Hamlet has become what he is; he contents himself with showing him as he is. And not drama alone shows man as he is; the novel, as long as it is a work of art, is contented to do so.

Pourquoi Manon, dans la première scène,  
Est-elle si vivante et si vraiment humaine  
Qu'il semble qu'on l'a vue et que c'est un portrait?

asks Musset. Is it not precisely because she is not described, analyzed, and explained, but simply appears and acts? because the poet gives us in few words the impression which he has himself received, and by the rendering of his sensation our sensation is produced? We never see persons and actions in fiction; we feel the impression they exercise; this is convincing; an enumeration of qualities and circumstances, even if it were possible to make it complete, produces no disposition whatever; it produces knowledge.

Let nobody say that the older writers contented themselves with sketches and gave only the outlines. It is by no means

so. What the narrator gives are the dramatic moments of an action, the characteristic features of a person. The truth and liveliness with which he gives the particulars that contain the whole *in nuce*, awake the image of that whole with its antecedents, its consequences, its secondary circumstances — *i.e.*, the cohesion. His process is similar to that of the sculptor, who renders only the plastic elements of his object; of the painter, who renders only the picturesque elements of it, and makes an abstraction of all the rest. He takes only those traits which are fitted to produce a literary effect. Now, as I just said, it is with actions as with men. A minute and methodical enumeration of all the movements of the different regiments, accurately ascertained, which have taken part in a battle, such as we have it in the history of the war by the great General Huff, may have a scientific value; from an artistic point of view, it is without any effect, for it leaves us no intuitive image of the total action: whilst the description of the battle of Zutphen from the pen of "the poor man of Tockenburgh," or that of the battle of Waterloo in Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," are works of art, because they render faithfully the impression of such mass movements on the individual. If, on the contrary, the novelist proceeds with that scientifico-historical conscience, we get something like the struggle of the two washerwomen in the "Assommoir," which fills I don't know how many pages, and which nevertheless one has not before one's eyes, whereas the Homeric battle of Molly Seagrim remains unforgotten by whosoever reads it once only. Here, indeed, the total impression dominates the detail, whilst there the number of particulars forbids the forming of a total impression. M. Zola takes up his object like the man of science, destroying it in order to recompose it; Fielding, as the artist, who seeks and reproduces unity, not to speak of the art with which he renders the repulsive object attractive by irony, which alone gives such objects the passport to literature, drawing them out of common reality. This observation, however, would lead us to a controversy with the verists, realists, naturalists, or whatever their name, and I should like to defer this disquisition to another opportunity.

## II.

EQUALLY with the scientific view, the moralizing view of the world has come

into prominence; and it proves to be still more dangerous to art than the former. All modern morals aim at making men better — *i.e.*, other — than they are. Art takes them as they are; it is content to comprehend them and to make them comprehensible. And the more mankind have abandoned the fundamental ideas of Christian charity, election by grace, and predestination, which are so repulsive to rationalism, the more decisively the tendency of morals to change men has come to the foreground in literature. It is so with society; all are to become equal in virtue, as all are to become equal in possessions. These of course are Utopian views, which have little or no influence on the course of life: no moral system changes the nature of men, as no socialism is able to change the inequality of property; but they have an influence on the way of judging things; and, as judgment plays so large a part with modern writers, so it does also on literature.

Until the middle of the past century, every class and every individual accepted the world as we accept nature, as a given order, in which there is little to be changed. People lived and acted, wrote and enjoyed naively, without reflection, or at least without comparing the existing world and its laws with reasoning and its norms. A man of the people thought as little of becoming a burgher, as any of us wishes to become a prince of the blood. If any one ventured to raise himself and knew how to penetrate through his circumstances, it was because he felt himself, this strength of mind and will — *i.e.*, his individuality — and not because he thought himself justified by his quality as "man." What he became, he became

Et par droit de conquête et pas droit de naissance.

His legal title was founded on his personal gifts, not on a so-called justice, which nowadays every mediocrity thinks himself entitled to invoke, and the idea of which is suggested to him by all our speeches and institutions, inasmuch as they almost directly entice him to leave his station in order to feel himself unhappy in a higher one, for which he is not fit. This eternal comparing of the actual world with the postulates of reason has "sicklied o'er" our life in more than one sense. For the whole of this so-called humane morality consists in nothing else than in exhorting us to try to put ourselves in other people's steads, not by a

direct intuition, but according to an alllevelling abstraction, which from its very nature must also mean putting other people in our stead. Both are fictions, which take place in our head alone, and have no reality. Every man feels differently, and *grosso modo* one might say that every nation and every class feels differently. This ignoring of natural limits has led in political life to pretending to and granting rights which those whom they concern do not know how to use; in social life, to a dislocating of fixed relations and wandering from the natural atmosphere, which must always be a painful sensation; in literature, to leading to their *dramatis personæ* thoughts and feelings which they cannot have, but especially to requiring them to be something different from what they really are, since they must correspond to the abstract moral type which we have constructed. Completely isolated are the writers who know how to divine to the reader the sensations of uncultivated people—as e.g., Jeremiah Gotthoff; the large majority of readers properly so-called, prefer ideal figures in George Sand's style, which have nothing of the present but the certain.

In political and social life such aspirations do mischief enough, without, however, being able to change the essence of either state or society. In literature, where we treat not with live people on actual ground but with the docile creations of our imagination on much-enduring paper, the new view of the world has worked as its consequence a much deeper revolution. It is true that the pretensions of rationalism to regulate legislation according to preconceived ideas of equality and justice have not remained without influence; on the whole, however, States have continued in our century, as in all former ones, to register and codify existing customs and to regulate newly-formed interests and relations. It is true that in most countries each citizen has been recognized as of equal right and equal value, but in fact power has remained in the hands of the man of culture and property. It is true that people have tried to bestow on Egypt and Turkey the blessing of Western constitutions; but not a year was required to show that one thing does not suit all. The same is the case in society. It never enters the heads of children to find social order, in so far as they know it, unjust or even unnatural. We have seen the mason join his bricks, the peasant mow his grass, the woodcutter saw

our wood, without even asking ourselves why our father had nothing of that kind to do. In this sense, almost all men before the Revolution remained children, as nine-tenths of them remain children to this day. And it is good that it should be so; for the whole machinery of humanity would stop if we wanted continually to put ourselves into the place of others and to endeavor to ensure for every one, according to the exigencies of an abstract equality, the same conditions of life. So in consequence we stop short at good wishes, sufficient to make men, who formerly were quite happy in this limited existence, and reflected but little upon it, discontented with their lot, but insufficient to change this lot. "For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," says Hamlet. When man ceases thinking on what he has to do in order to think that he has to do it, good-bye to all content. Now, this is the clearest result of principle which underlies modern philanthropy as opposed to Christian charity, although it has called into existence many things which have alleviated and improved the life of the working classes within their station, helping them in illness, old age, and want of work, without spoiling their normal existence by illusive pictures of a better condition. Besides, the positive wrong is, I repeat, much less than one might suppose, precisely because the mass of mankind continues taking the world as it is and does not demand that the sun should henceforth rise in the west.

In fact, it is only with men of letters, who are in quite a different relation with the world from other people, that the new way of thinking has become predominant; but then their number has wonderfully increased in the last three hundred years. As the whole of our culture has become a literary one, a book culture, all we who call ourselves cultured (*Gebildete*) are at bottom men of letters. The cultivated man of former times, who had been formed by commerce with men, for whom a book had interest, not as a book but only in so far as it reflected life, becomes rarer and rarer. Our whole civilization is influenced by literature; readers and authors live in the same atmosphere of unreality, or, to speak more accurately, they divide life into two halves, that of practical activity—the bookmaking of the author is also a practical activity—and that of intellectual activity, two spheres which touch each other nowhere, not even where the intel-

lectual one borrows its object from the practical one; for it divests them immediately of their reality and shapes them only after having falsified them.

Tocqueville has a chapter headed: "How the men of letters became, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the principal politicians." This is now universally the case in one sense; for even in England political life has been infected with the spirit of the men of letters, through the advance of the Radical on the one hand, and the reform of Toryism by Disraeli on the other; the fact remains, however, particularly true of France, where the whole polity suffers cruelly under it. Nevertheless, art and literature are always the two activities most affected by it, and it is with them that we are here concerned.

### III.

THE novels of our time in which the moral point of view does not absolutely predominate may be counted on the fingers. Even where unveiled immorality, or at least indecency, displays itself, there is from beginning to end, with or without the author's consciousness, a certain didactic tendency. In the apparently most objectionable of all modern works of fiction, in "Madame Bovary," one feels that the writer has an intention which is not purely artistic, the intention to warn us against certain modes of education and kinds of readings. In M. Zola it is clear that his workmen and workwomen who perish in the mud are to serve as deterrent instances. Neither do so. The German novelists conceal the moral standard which they use in their novels, the English and North Americans even boast of it. Certainly morals, as well as any other human interest, have their right of citizenship in art. Only it is important to know what is understood by morals: the natural and sound ones which culminate in the worship of truth, or the artificial, made up, unhealthy ones, whose mother is human vanity, whose godmother is falsehood. It is sound morals when Prince Hal leaves his pet favorite in the lurch as soon as, with the responsibility of the crown, the earnest of life begins for him; it is unhealthy morals when Victor Hugo disturbs the ideas of right and wrong by glorifying a galley-slave who has become the victim of an error of justice. This is not the place to examine at length what were the instinctive morals of men before the victory of rationalism, nor to recall to

mind how Kant has scientifically established these unconscious ethics by his doctrine of the intelligible character, and Schopenhauer by his theory of compassion; suffice it to state that the morals of our authors have another origin and another aim, and that these are as incompatible with art as the older ones are fitted to accommodate themselves to it. Now, modern morals may apparently differ as much from one another as Zola's from Howells'; but they have the same family feature — discontent with this world as it is; and the direct consequence of it is the sombre tone of all this literature.

Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst,

thought Schiller; to-day, art is to be earnest, a species of worship for Richard Wagner, a moral or political lesson for Gustav Freytag. And how could it be otherwise? If one compares unceasingly this world and human nature with a high, arbitrary, self-created *ideal*, void of all reality, they must appear very insufficient, and may well lead to bitter judgments. How morose at bottom are all the novels of George Eliot, in what one might call their keynote; how bitter Charlotte Brontë's, how infinitely sad Miss Poynter's "Among the Hills," — to instance a little-known masterpiece of this sombre moralo-psychological art. All great narrators of former times, from Homer to Cervantes, and from Chaucer to Walter Scott, unchain our hearts by their good humor; even the tragic muse has always known how to translate

das düstre Spiel

Der Wahrheit in das heitere Reich der Kunst.

Here, on the contrary, we always feel oppressed by the long face and the lugubrious tone which our authors take when they relate things our ancestors were prone to laugh over. Sensuality even, which formerly used to present itself with ingenuousness, healthy and naked, or forced its entrance into literature by a smile, is now grave, reflective, a product of corrupt intelligence rather than of over-streaming force and fulness. In deference to truth it must, however, be said that the modern novel has on the whole kept itself freer than poetry from this unwholesome and over-refined sensuality. On the other hand, it has become more sentimentally charitable towards all those phenomena and types which were formerly the object of mirth. Who would dare nowadays to treat comically poor

stammering Bridgson? Compassion for his infirmity would get the better of us; full of human tenderness, we should "put ourselves in his stead," and forthwith make a tragical figure of him. The dry *savant* whom the world has laughed at for centuries as an awkward or vain book-worm, becomes in George Eliot's hands an unfortunate, who sighing for a false ideal, is on the other hand seen by the noblest of women herself as an ideal. For whatever is comical objectively becomes tragical when it is taken subjectively: our tender little self suffers, and no wonder it pities itself.

How rudely would all the serene figures which live in our imagination be destroyed, if we were to put them under the discipline of our conscientious authors! Only fancy poor Manon under the birch-rod of Jane Eyre, the schoolmistress! Imagine Squire Western in M. Zola's *clinique*: "If you continue getting drunk every night, whilst your daughter is playing the harpsichord, a terrible end is awaiting you, Mr. Western. Shall I describe it to you? I have accurately studied several cases of *delirium tremens potatorum*, the punishment which is in store for all alcoholized persons as you are." And our old friend Falstaff, whom that losel Shakespeare treated so indulgently, what lessons George Eliot would have read to him! "For really, Sir John, you have no excuse whatever. If you were a poor devil who had never had any but bad examples before your eyes; but you have had all the advantages which destiny can give to man on his way through life! Are you not born of a good family? have not you had, at Oxford, the best education England is able to give to her children? have you not had the highest connections? And, nevertheless, how low you are fallen! Do you know why? I have warned my Tito over and over against it: because you have always done that only which was agreeable to you, and have shunned everything that was unpleasant." "And you, Miss Phillis," Mr. Howells would say, "if you go on being naughty I shall write a writ against you, as I did against my hero Bartley, who, too, won everybody's heart, but at bottom was a very frivolous fellow; or I shall deliver you up to my friend James, who will analyze you until nobody knows you again. That will teach you to enter into yourself and to become another." "Become another," is that not the first requirement of a novel hero of our days? Fielding would have

rather expected that the adder should lose her venom, than that Blifl should cease to be a scoundrel.

I spoke of Howells taking part against his own hero in the most perfect of his works. You will find something similar in almost every novel of our time. It seems as if the authors could not refrain from persecuting in an odious type certain persons whom they have learned to know and to hate in life—a disposition of mind which is the most contrary to the artist's disposition which could be thought out; for he neither hates nor loves his objects personally, and to him Richard III. is as interesting as Antonio, "one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appears than any that draws breath in Italy." Remember only George Eliot's character, Rosamond, and with what really feminine perfidy she tries to discredit her. How differently Abbé Prévost treats his Manon! Even if Richardson, and, in our time, Jer. Gotthoff, do take a moralizing tone, and begin with ever so many preachments and good lessons, the artist runs away with them; they forget that they wanted to teach and paint their objects with artistic indifference: *sine ira nec studio*, not to speak of their morals being of a kind which have nothing in them rebellious to art. With George Eliot and W. D. Howells it is the contrary: they want to be objective, but the moralist soon gets the better of the artist.

I hope the reader has observed that I choose only novels and novelists of first rank, in order to compare them with those of former times, such indeed as might, perhaps, come out victoriously from such a comparison, if they were not infected by the moral epidemic of our time. How deeply our generation is steeped in it we generally forget, because habit makes appear as nature what is only a moral convention. Other times have advocated more severe conventions, but they remained on the surface; ours seem lighter, more accommodating, but they penetrate to our marrow. It is incredible how great a mass of artificial feelings, interests, and duties we carry about, how our language and our actions are dominated by them. Fine scenery, fine arts, philanthropy, etc., without any inner want, fill our intellectual life; we believe in the reality of sensations we never experienced; or we drive out nature by culture. Shakespeare would not be able nowadays to create an Othello who would listen to Iago's insinuations, because no gentleman nowadays would



allow such calumnies, and the gentleman has driven out the man. Language has suffered so much under this rule of conventionalism, that to the cultivated it has become quite insufficient for the direct translation of sensation. Let a lady to-day speak like the queen of Cortanza or Margaret of Anjou, and how the public would protest against the coarseness of her language and feeling! This, by the way, is also the real reason why all our dramas are and must be so lifeless, as well as of the striking fact that all the more important works of fiction of our time move, with few exceptions, among the lower spheres of the people, where alone there still survives a direct relation between language and sensation. Even in America, which is always lauded as the virgin soil of a society without an inheritance, convention rules unconditionally, particularly in moral views; for this society has not yet even known how to free itself from the absurdest and most tyrannical of religions — Puritanism, on whose inheritance it has grown and developed. Only a remnant of Puritanism can give the key to the stilted tune of Hawthorne's adumbration, or explain how a writer of the taste and talent of Mr. W. D. Howells, who besides does not lack a keen sense of humor, has been able to create a comical figure like that of Ben Hallack, without as much as an inkling of the comicality of it.

People are never weary of inveighing against the prosaicism of our time — the yelling whistle of the locomotive, which has superseded the musical post-horn, the ungraceful chimney pot, etc.: nobody thinks of the unnaturalness of our sensations. Where, however, is the source of all poetry, in the truth of our sensations or in the decoration of the stage on which we move? In the cut of our coat or in the heart which beats beneath it? Let us only learn again how to feel naturally, to think naturally, above all, to see naturally, and art will not fail to reappear. But "the spirit of history" takes good care that *we* should no more learn it, carrying us off irresistibly, and for a long while, I am afraid, in totally different tracks. And who would demur against it? Only we must not imagine that art, too, can meet us on these tracks. The novel of the future will remain what the novel of the present is: a work of edification, of instruction, of amusement — perhaps, also, of the contrary; it will be long before it becomes a work of art.

KARL HILLEBRAND.

From The Argosy.

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

### A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### SHE SENDS HER VALENTINE.

THE guard had whistled, and thrown up his hands in that attitude of despair always assumed by a really reliable guard. The train had just begun to slip away from the platform, when a young gentleman rushed up to the moving carriages, opened the first one he came to, and flung himself in, having hurled in various minor articles of baggage before him. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted to a groom standing on the platform: "Have you seen to the luggage?" Receiving an affirmative touch of the hat, he added, at the top of his voice, "Tell them I was in lots of time," and subsided into his seat. Then recollecting the reckless way in which hat-box, sticks, and rug had preceded his entry, he looked round the carriage with a view to collecting them, and met the gaze of a fellow-passenger, at whose feet his hat-box had rolled. This was a girl of about seventeen, with a small pale face, clear-cut features, and a rather large mouth, whose amused expression displayed a very white and regular set of teeth.

"I am afraid I must have startled you by my abrupt entry," said he, agreeably surprised, as he picked up his various possessions, and began to arrange them in the rack above his head; "but it was a very near thing. I ran it rather too close."

"Indeed," rejoined the young lady. "I thought I overheard you say to some one on the platform that they were to be told you were in lots of time."

"A pious fraud!" exclaimed Mr. Trevor — to give our hero his name. "To have to scramble for your seat, as I have just done, is almost worse, in my governor's eyes, than to miss the train altogether."

As neither of the travellers was at all shy, they were soon deeply immersed in conversation, in the course of which the singular coincidence was elicited that they were both bound for the same destination.

"You see," said Mr. Trevor, who, after the ice had been broken by various commonplace remarks, had begun to wax confidential, "my father thinks it is time I got through sundry examinations. So he wouldn't let me go back to college this term, but packed me off to a parson; and

I've got to read hard with him for the next three months. A lively time I shall have of it by all accounts down in Glendale."

"Glendale!" exclaimed the young lady, "why, I am going there. How very curious!"

"Indeed!" said Trevor, thinking it might not be so unmitigatedly dreary as he had at first feared. "Do you live there?"

"No; I'm only going to stay with my aunt for a few weeks. It certainly is not a very lively place. But you knew I was going there," she added suddenly, "for you have read the label on my hand-bag. I've seen you looking at it a dozen times."

"I have certainly tried to read it," said Trevor, "but I could never get my neck far enough round to see the last word. 'Miss Kate Grey, Miss Foster, the Grange,' is as far as I ever managed. I hope we shall be able to keep the carriage to ourselves till we reach our destination."

And they did have it all to themselves as far as Glendale: during which time Miss Grey had told him that she was very angry at having to leave home to-day, as to-morrow was Valentine's Day, and she felt sure her sisters would open her valentines to see from whom they came, and then pretend they did it under the belief that they were addressed to themselves. Mr. Trevor sympathized with her, inwardly resolving she should have one valentine, at least, that no one should be able to open but herself.

At last they steamed into Glendale. A prim old lady standing on the platform as they passed being identified by Miss Grey as her aunt, the young lady suggested they should shake hands in the carriage. Which they did; Trevor remarking that it wasn't going to be good-bye for long, as of course he should see her often enough during the next month. At which Miss Grey blushed slightly, and said "Perhaps."

On emerging on to the platform Miss Grey was at once claimed and marched off by her aunt to point out her luggage to a porter; while a tall, pale, handsome man of about thirty, in most untidy clerical garb, introduced himself to Trevor as the Reverend Paul Vyner, remarking that he believed he was right in supposing him to be Mr. Trevor.

We must now say a few words in defence of our heroine, whose conduct so far may appear indiscreet, if not reprehensible. Certainly she was wrong to enter into conversation with a strange young

man in a railway carriage, and very wrong to more than half promise to meet him on some future occasion; but as we have started a paragraph in defence of her, we must do our best in her behalf.

Firstly, then, she was caught laughing at his unceremonious entry, and so, in the most innocent way, laid herself open to be addressed. Secondly, he was not only a handsome man, but evidently a gentleman. Thirdly, she *was* a flirt, though a very pretty and innocent one, and was very glad to meet with some one likely to relieve the monotony of a month in the country with no one to speak to but an elderly maiden aunt.

Now all this may account for her behavior down to this point: whether it will continue to do so, is for the reader to judge.

"Aunt," began Miss Grey at lunch, "who is the rector of the parish?"

"Mr. Vyner, my dear," replied Miss Foster. "The Reverend Paul Vyner. He is a Cambridge man, and, I am told, of very good family. However, he is poor, and takes pupils. He conducts the service very badly, and is utterly useless in the parish."

"Oh! Has he any pupils just now?" inquired Miss Grey innocently.

"No, my dear," replied her aunt; "and I don't see what difference it would make to you if he had."

For Miss Foster, though a kind-hearted and good woman, was a great stickler for propriety. Her other main characteristic was that of saying disagreeable things she didn't mean, and was sorry for afterwards. This quality she was especially proud of, aired it on all occasions, and called it speaking her mind.

Miss Kate, having learned all she wanted to know, now glided gently but swiftly away from the dangerous topic of young men, and being a bright, clever girl, succeeded in producing a favorable impression on her aunt. During the afternoon she retired to unpack. In the course of this occupation she came upon a large envelope, which she took out of her trunk and balanced thoughtfully in her hand; then shook out the contents on to the dressing-table and began sorting them through. They were half-a-dozen cards, bearing the devices common to the feast of St. Valentine, which she had brought with her to despatch from Glendale to various acquaintances. Having selected one which seemed to suit her purpose, she wrote two lines on it in pencil, and, placing it in an envelope, directed it to

"A. T.,

"Care of the Rev. P. Vyner,

"The Vicarage,

"Glendale."

For though Trevor knew her name, it being written in full on her luggage, she only knew his initials, which she could see painted on his hat-box. However, having ascertained from him that he was going to live at the vicarage, and from her aunt that the vicar's name was Paul Vyner, and that he had no other pupils just now, she felt sure that her letter, though vaguely addressed, must find the right person.

## CHAPTER II.

### HE SENDS HIS VALENTINE.

THE next morning at the vicarage, when Mr. Trevor lounged down an hour late for breakfast, he found his future tutor in a curious state of bewilderment. "Considerably knocked out of time," commented that shrewd youth, when Mr. Vyner answered his apologies by saying in an absent way, "I believe it is only selfishness." And then perceiving by Trevor's face of astonishment that he must have said something very odd, he got up from his untouched breakfast, and went into the garden, pleading a headache.

This is what had happened.

On coming down that morning, he saw on the mantelpiece, in the spot where his letters were always placed, an envelope with his name written across it. Being the most careless of men he never noticed the "A. T." written above, tore open the envelope, flung it behind him, and to his surprise, found in his hands a card, bearing on it a gracefully executed bunch of primroses, while underneath was pencilled in a lady's hand:—

In the spring a young man's fancy,  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

His first thought was to examine the envelope: he turned round to pick it up, but, alas! he had thrown it into the very heart of the fire, and nothing remained of it but a sheet of black ash. After all, there would be nothing in this to account for the vicar's mental disquietude. The reception of a valentine from an unknown hand would hardly disturb the equanimity of most young men. But Kate's seed had fallen on fruitful ground. It was so singularly apposite (when opened by the wrong person), and chimed in so well with many of Mr. Vyner's thoughts dur-

ing the last year or two, that, while the valentine in itself, or its sender, never cost him another thought, the tempest of recollections, wishes, self-reproaches, and plans for the future that it raised in him were more than he could at once allay. The reflections that had so engrossed him at the breakfast-table, and which he was now attempting to reduce to order, by walking up and down the garden puffing furiously at a big pipe, ran briefly something like this:—

"Why don't I marry? Is it, as I tell myself, because I do not wish? Because I am too poor? Because no girl would marry a slovenly object like me? Or is it because I am too selfish? Because I should have to sacrifice so much that has now become second nature to me? My bachelor's ease; my summers on the Continent; my untidy habits; and, sensual wretch that I am, my claret, cigars, and novels? Do I do my duty here? Not a bit: I know no one intimately; I care for no one's opinion; I hate the place. With a wife, all that might be changed. A pleasant companion and a comfortable home are surely worth the surrender of a few of my special self-indulgences. I should be a better and a happier man. Besides," he thought, with a touch of selfishness on the other side of his argument, "she could do that horrid visiting: I absolutely dare not. I should resent anybody coming here and telling me I was leading a wretched and godless life. Why should anybody else be better pleased if I drop in at their cottage, and tell them so? Women do that kind of thing much better than we do."

Thus the result of Miss Kate's valentine was that, for his own good and the good of his parish, the Rev. Paul Vyner decided to take unto himself a wife.

During the afternoon of Valentine's Day, Miss Grey started out for a walk, and we blush to state that she stopped the first rustic she met, and asked the way to the vicarage. "It will amuse me to see him, and please him to see me," ruminated the young lady. "And after all, where is the harm so long as we understand each other?" With which very stale apology for flirtation she comforted herself, and strolled on until she came to the vicarage.

The house, a handsome, old, red-brick building, stood in extensive grounds surrounded by a high fence. On one side, between this fence and the adjoining

fields, ran a narrow lane, and down this lane Kate made her way, trying to persuade herself that she went there because it was pretty, and a likely spot to find primroses, and not because it was now possible for her to see into and be seen from the vicarage grounds.

So she dawdled listlessly down the lane, half amused and half angry with her own folly; at one minute wishing to see Trevor, at another, hoping she should not; poking the end of her parasol into the banks as she passed, with a vague sort of idea that that was a recognized way of hunting for wild flowers.

Suddenly she was brought to a full stop by a voice right above her, inquiring if she was looking for anything. Kate turned her eyes up, and mentally decided that she had seldom seen a handsomer man than the one now leaning over the hedge, and in whose eyes she was quick to detect no little admiration of herself.

And certainly the parson in his lawn-tennis costume was a goodly sight. Six feet high, long in the leg, broad in the shoulder, and flat in the back, his loose flannel attire displayed as much as his dilapidated clericals concealed his personal advantages. His handsome, clean-shaven face, glowing with exercise, small head, and closely cropped dark curls, surmounted by a shooting-cap, which he had pushed back as far as was compatible with its remaining on his head at all, formed a *tout ensemble* that was undeniably pleasant.

But before going any further, let us just account for the vicar's presence and his pupil's absence.

After lunch Mr. Vyner had suggested a game of tennis. Both being expert, they had no difficulty in keeping themselves warm, even in February, and were just playing the deciding game of a hard-fought set, when suddenly Trevor remarked, —

"I say, isn't this Valentine's Day?"

"Yes," replied his opponent, thinking that it was the first time for ten years that he had had any special reason for recollecting the date. "Yes; why?"

"Well!" said Trevor, "I ought to send a valentine. I'm afraid I'm rather late about it; where can I get one?"

"I don't know much about that kind of thing," returned the parson; "but I should say not in Glendale."

"I think X — is your nearest town. How far is that off?" inquired Trevor.

"About two miles."

"Then, if you'll excuse me," said the young gentleman, turning rather red, "I think I'll run over there."

"Certainly," replied the vicar, surprised at finding himself so sympathetic.

And so it came to pass that while Mr. Trevor hurried over to X — as fast as his legs would carry him, his preceptor took a stroll round the vicarage grounds, and coming to a railing in the fence overlooking the lane, leant over it lost in reverie.

"And as in uffish thought he stood," he was startled by the apparition of a young lady strolling slowly down the lane towards him. "Surely," said the parson, "you are a little too early; they don't blossom till May." Then seeing by Kate's extreme discomposure that she was meditating a hasty retreat, he deceitfully added: "At least, most of them. Of course there might be a few early ones about, but they are rather difficult to find. I'll come and help you hunt for them, if I may."

The next minute he was on the path by her side, looking rather ashamed of his own alacrity. Though of late he had abjured female society, he was not one of those unfortunate men who cannot open their mouths in a lady's presence; and in a few minutes he had set Kate at her ease by a few commonplace remarks. Introducing himself as the vicar, he expressed a belief that she was not a resident in his parish. Miss Grey faltered an apology for her trespass, said who she was and where she was staying, and in a very little time had completely recovered her equanimity, and was chatting affably with her new friend.

A very pleasant change the vicar found it from his ordinary afternoon's employment, to saunter down a lane with a pretty and amusing girl. There was a spice of romance about the suddenness of their acquaintance that just suited his present state of mind; while the mischievous Kate almost laughed outright, when she remembered that she had come out to look for the pupil, at finding herself strolling about in a confidential manner with the tutor.

But all good things must have an end, and when they had walked to the top of the lane and back once or twice, Miss Grey said she must be going.

"I hope I shall see you again shortly," said he, as they parted. "I must furbish up some excuse to call upon Miss Foster." And then he leant over the gate, and watched her graceful figure to the corner in the road, where she turned back and

smiled. The vicar, forgetting alike his manners and his cloth, kissed his hand to her, then bolted down the lane as hard as he could go, blushing like a girl; until he was suddenly pulled up in his stride by a thought so ridiculous that it first made him laugh, and then made him downright angry with himself for being such an idiot. That thought was: "I have decided I want a wife: why won't she do?"

On reaching the house he found Trevor just returned. He held a parcel in his hand and asked the vicar if he had a small box that he could pack it in, as he wished to despatch it by post.

"Come into my study," said the latter, "and we will see what we can find."

After a few minutes' rummaging about, Trevor found one to suit him. It was a small card box that had lately come down from London with some fishing-tackle, and still had the vicar's address upon it. This box Trevor carried off: and placing the parcel within it, despatched it to Miss Grey, astutely remarking to himself that "it would be a pity to scratch old Vyner's name out, as then she won't guess who it comes from; but knowing I am at the vicarage, and seeing the parson's name on the box, I shall get the credit of it."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RESULT.

It was with considerably more consternation than pleasure that, next morning, when Miss Grey opened this parcel, she found herself the possessor of a very handsome locket and chain. Never doubting that the parson was the donor, she argued that she had given him no right to take such a liberty. She grew angry with him for his want of tact; and then remembering her valentine to Trevor, and the fact that she had taken that eventful walk solely to meet him, she grew angry with herself, and also was illogical enough to be angry with him for not meeting her or sending any answer to her missive; for which variety of reasons she avoided the side of the village on which the vicarage lay.

Trevor, not seeing or hearing anything of her, decided he had offended her by sending her presents on so short an acquaintance, and cursed his folly for so doing; but of the three Mr. Vyner's plight was the worst. That ridiculous idea of his, that Kate, if he could persuade her, would make him the very wife he wanted, would keep recurring to him. In vain

he told himself he had only 'seen her once; in vain he tried to persuade himself that what he had seen he didn't like; he was haunted by the idea, and at the end of a day or two he made up his mind to see her again at all hazards.

Having arrived at this decision, he was prompt to act upon it. Making as an excuse a subscription for a Christmas treat to the poor children of the parish, he called the very next morning upon Miss Foster. That good lady received him in a manner peculiarly her own.

"Good morning, Mr. Vyner," said she; "it is a very long time since I have seen you. I suppose you want some money."

Mr. Vyner explained the object of his visit as well as he could, remarking that the idea only occurred to him that very morning; that the third week in February was late for a Christmas treat; but that he supposed children could eat cake at any time in the year.

Kindly Miss Foster told him that he was the worst clergyman both in the church and the parish she had ever met with, and then got up to fetch her cheque-book, remarking as she went out of the room: "That's my niece, Katie, dear, Mr. Vyner, our vicar."

There was a very embarrassing pause when they found themselves alone. Then he said blunderingly, "You see, Miss Grey, I found an excuse."

"I hope," said Kate, "you don't mean me to believe that this children's treat exists only in your imagination, for my aunt has gone to get some money to pay for it."

"No, not exactly," said the vicar, who felt himself on rather dangerous ground.

"Because," continued the young lady, "I should not think very highly of you, if such were the case."

And then rapidly leaving the subject, she remarked in very chilling accents upon the state of the weather.

Mr. Vyner, who was no fool, in spite of his infatuation, was quick to perceive by Miss Grey's manner that he had not found favor in her sight, and immediately there flashed across his mind a remembrance of the parting salute he had waved to her. Just then Miss Foster's step was heard outside. Determining to make the most of his opportunity, he bent down over her seat, and said, —

"Miss Grey, I owe you an apology for my conduct. At the risk of making matters worse, I'm going to beg of you to take a walk to-morrow afternoon in the



lane where we met before, and I will try and remove the bad impression I fear I have made on you."

Before he could receive any reply, Miss Foster, entering, handed him a cheque, and begged to know if it was enough. The vicar, who felt heartily ashamed of this part of the business, began to stammer something about munificence, but was speedily cut short by the old lady, who said that now he had got what he wanted, he need not make himself miserable by stopping any longer out of politeness; that she herself was not amusing company; that Kate never flirted in her aunt's presence, whatever she did out of it; that doubtless his duties (strongly emphasized) in the parish required his presence elsewhere; and fairly drove the poor gentleman out of the house.

The next afternoon the vicar, who was now growing old in deceit, gave Trevor a holiday, despatched him to X—on various pretences, and then went and sat on the railing, where he had first seen Kate, and smoked a pipe and waited. He had resolved that he would fall in love with her if she would let him (rather a gratuitous resolve on his part, seeing he had already done so, we fancy); and he was wondering how long she would consider he ought to cultivate her acquaintance before making any advances of that sort, when her slender figure came slowly down the lane. In another minute he was below, shaking hands with her.

"I don't think I ought to have done this," said Kate, "but as you asked me, you must not think any the worse of me for it; and"—extracting the obnoxious parcel from her pocket—"I have brought you back your very kind present."

"Done what?" said the astounded vicar.

"Brought back the chain and locket," said Kate. "I was so sorry you sent it: I have been very silly, but I never gave you the right to send me this."

"But," said Paul, turning Trevor's luckless valentine over and over in his hand, "I never sent you anything. Hullo! this box is directed to me. Why! it's that young scamp Trevor who sent it you; I gave him the box. How came he to send you a valentine?"

Poor Kate! This was turning the tables upon her with a vengeance.

"I suppose because I sent him one first," said she defiantly.

"Well!" returned the Reverend Paul,

"this is most extraordinary. I suppose you sent it by a messenger. There was only one letter delivered at the vicarage on Valentine's Day, and that was for me."

"Oh!" said Kate, glad to get a chance, however poor, of carrying the war a little into the enemy's country. "Is she good-looking?"

"Who?" said the vicar innocently.

"Why, the young lady who sent you the valentine, of course."

"I haven't the least idea who sent it. I burnt the envelope without looking at either writing or post-mark. Here it is," he added, taking a crumpled piece of card from his pocket, and handing it to her.

"Why!" said Kate, "that's the valentine I sent Mr. Trevor."

"Impossible!" cried Paul; "it was addressed to me."

"No—I am sure this is it. It was addressed, 'A. T., care of the Rev. P. Vyner.' You see," said Katie, "I knew he was at the vicarage, but I didn't know his name."

"I am so sorry," began the parson. "I quite thought it was addressed to me. Indeed, I hardly looked at it outside at all. It stood where all my letters are always placed, and I opened it, never doubting it was for me."

"I am so glad he never got it," said Kate. "I have been ashamed of myself ever since I sent it. I am afraid you must be dreadfully disgusted with me."

"I think she's very pretty," said Paul, smiling rather wickedly.

"Who?" asked Kate.

"Who? Why, the young lady that sent me the valentine, of course."

"Oh!" said Kate slowly, and looking down on the ground.

Then, as if anxious to change the subject, she suddenly asked, "What were you going to apologize to me about? As you didn't send me that thing, how did you think you had offended me?"

"I was afraid you were angry because I kissed my hand to you when we parted last time," said Paul, stammering and blushing and hardly knowing what he said.

"I suppose I ought to have been offended," said Kate laughing, "but the truth is I didn't think you quite knew what you were doing. I—I forgot all about it the next moment."

There was a minute's silence, broken suddenly by Paul. "Kate, I may offend you in reality now, but I cannot help it.

Will you forgive me? Nay, more: will you give me some answer, if I ask you — to be my wife?"

"Your wife!" cried Kate. "Impossible, Mr. Vyner! I know nothing of you, and what you know of me is not to my credit. You cannot mean what you say."

"Listen to me," said Paul, quite in earnest now, and catching both her hands in his. "I have loved you since the first moment I saw you; I have tried to persuade myself that it was impossible. I have laughed at my own folly (as I thought it), but all to no purpose. Kate, I love you. What chance have I of winning your love in return? Not now: I am not so foolish as to suppose you can answer me yet. But in the future?"

"But I know so little of you," stammered Kate.

"That, at any rate," said Paul, who was beginning to think he should have his own way, "can easily be remedied. Suppose, for instance, we walk up and down here once or twice, and cultivate each other's acquaintance."

So they wandered up and down the lane for the rest of the afternoon. We have never learned exactly what passed between them, but they seemed to be perfectly satisfied with each other's company.

Suddenly the *lôte-à-lôte* was broken in upon by a voice from the railing where Kate had first seen the parson. "Hallo!" said Mr. Trevor, "I hope you two are getting on all right. Good-afternoon, Miss Grey."

"Trevor, come here," said the Reverend Paul. "I wish to give you this back from Miss Grey. Don't take offence, my boy, you must see you had no earthly right to send it."

"There's only one decent way out of this hole," said Trevor imperturbably; "and that is, that Miss Grey should keep it as a wedding present."

And Miss Grey was graciously pleased to receive it on these terms.

Dear old Miss Foster, when told of the engagement, remarked after a dinner party, in front of at least twenty people, —

"That her niece, Kate, was a bold, unladylike girl; and that Mr. Vyner was no better than a common swindler, who ought to be in prison for obtaining money under false pretences." (For Mr. Vyner sent the good lady's cheque back.) However, she cried all through the wedding service, and insisted on refurnishing the vicarage (which certainly wanted it) from top to bottom.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### A SOCIAL STUDY OF OUR OLDEST COLONY.

It is a very singular thing that among the great number of English travellers who of late years have published books upon America, scarcely one has thought it worth while to turn from the beaten and hackneyed paths which habit would seem to have marked out, to those great unexplored regions lying south of the Potomac River. Many, too, of these publications, having the most comprehensive titles, bear no evidence on their pages of any consciousness in the author's mind of the very existence of that great group of States, which in his own lifetime dominated the Union, and may at this day be fairly said to represent one-third of its integral power. There is seldom even any expression of regret that time and circumstances should prevent the narrator from visiting the South, nor is there often any apparent consciousness of incompleteness in the labors of American exploration, as he or she turns sharp round at Washington, as naturally as if it lay upon the Gulf of Mexico, and strikes westward for the Rocky Mountains.

If the ordinary tourist thinks that his time is better spent over an unimportant and un-American social excrescence like the Mormon settlement, it is his affair; but in the case of those who travel for the purpose of enlightening their fellow countrymen as to the political, social, and material condition of our transatlantic cousins, there is something strangely incomplete in the programme into which they drift, rather from precedent, or perhaps from despair at the size of the country, than from any deliberate purpose. Such works are generally but the impressions of vacation tours, and not only that, but, as a general thing, the only two phases of American life with which the English traveller comes in contact are the comparatively cosmopolitan society of the great eastern cities on the one hand, and on the other, the exaggerated crudeness of the western wilds. The great mass of the American people proper lying between these two extremes — knowing little of either, living on farms and in villages all through the older States — are hardly recognized by this class of traveller. Tucked up in a Pulman car, he goes from city to city, and from wonder to wonder, and comes home to encourage the shibboleth that America has "much land but no country." An almost contemptuous ignorance of American and colonial history is not conducive to a sympathetic apprecia-

tion or a ready recognition of that really rich local coloring whose existence no one will, I think, deny who has lived in any of the older States. For I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the development of our earliest colonies into a mighty nation is a historical study to which the majority of even well-read Englishmen are sublimely indifferent.

It is, upon the whole, perhaps, a good thing, excepting so far as its magnificent mountain scenery is concerned, that the South has almost entirely escaped being made a field for first impressions.

First impressions of Niagara or Broadway, the Yosemite valley or a grain elevator, would probably be as good as any later ones; but the complex state of Southern society, the attitude of the two races towards one another, and the hundred and one conditions springing from that, would lead the unwary globe-trotter on to almost certain shoals.

One or two distinguished journalists have made raids of late into Southern towns, and have discoursed with their usual brilliancy on the social joys of Charleston or Savannah, on Chesapeake oysters and canvas-back ducks; have paid pathetic tributes to the graveyards that bristle on the battle-fields round Richmond; have reproduced the negro as seen on the box of a hackney coach or behind the apron of an hotel waiter; have recalled old war correspondents' reminiscences, and noted down conversations with Southern friends, have had a few glimpses of the country from the platform of railway cars, and had a good time generally, if a brief one. To get a comprehensive view of the country, however, even north of the Potomac, from inside towns, is impossible; but to study such a country as the South — which is nothing if not rural, in whose economic structure, towns, unhappily, played but little part, and whose whole history is based on their non-existence — is, of course, under such conditions, impossible. Indeed, I venture to say, that an extended residence is necessary to understand the social conditions of the South, and it is to its social conditions that most of its peculiarities and strong characteristics are due.

Each of the older Southern States has, of course, cherished individual traditions. Each has some distinctive traits for which it is noted, yet all these minor differences seem to fade, when compared with the general uniformity of habits and ideas created by the existence of a common domestic system. All diversities of soil,

climate, production, and even of origin, seem over-ridden by the long attitude of combined defence that welded the slave States together from the beginning of this century, when the really formidable development of slavery commenced, till the war. A Virginian to-day is first a Virginian; a South Carolinian is, above all things, a South Carolinian; but next they both are Southerners, and lastly Americans. This may not last for more than a generation or so longer. Probably not. But in the mean time the fact remains, and forms one general and striking contradiction, even if there were no others, to the alleged want of light and shade in the national existence.

Every one will remember the vulgar notion with which a certain portion of the English public, during the American civil war, became impregnated, namely, that the South was a nation of gentlemen in the social sense, fighting against hordes of *canaille*. Or course it is easy enough to see from what germs of truth this hallucination grew. The hasty adaptation of English social terms to conditions which were really very different, the claims of leisurely agriculture or indolence over struggling commerce, the misunderstanding of the words "aristocracy" and "oligarchy," so constantly used in a political and race sense in the speeches and articles of those times.

There was, it is true, a very numerous slaveholding gentry in the South, every man of whom would have been found fighting in the Confederate lines; but they formed a mere fraction numerically of the slaveholding oligarchy, the great mass of whom — nineteen-twentieths I should say, at the lowest estimation — were plain farmers and yeomen, neither fitted by their training and education to enter society as the world understands it in their own country, nor in any other, and into whose heads such an idea would probably never have entered. Behind these came a still greater number of poor whites, fighting, in a great measure, willingly, and whose enthusiasm in a cause that was in no sense theirs will always be a testimony to the wonderful influence which the great slaveholders exercised over all beneath them, and the persistent skill with which they made the cause of the few appear to be the cause of the many. Broadly speaking, in the South there were, and still to some extent are, three very distinct classes living on the soil. The border lines of each were not always easy to define, and there were

subtle sub-divisions within each; but still all three stood out very clearly from one another as separate bodies in the social framework of the South, while — immeasurably below the lowest — the basis on which the whole organization rested, came the negro slaves.

The proportions of these classes to one another varied in different States, and again in different counties within those States. Virginia, for instance, contained a strong upper class, a strong middle class of slaveholding yeomanry, and a comparatively small proportion of very poor whites. North Carolina was very weak in its educated class, but had a very large yeomanry and a still larger white peasantry, if the expression may be allowed. In South Carolina again the middle class was smaller. The upper was both powerful and wealthy, while the "poor white" element both there and in Louisiana was very large. Virginia, of all the Southern States, is considerably the oldest, and has by far the longest and the fullest history. Maryland, it is true, is but little younger, and her colonial period is full of color, but her slaveholding interest had shrunk so much at the time of the war from long geographical contact with Northern influences, that she was by that time quite a hybrid State. When the Carolinas, late in the seventeenth century, were represented only by scattered bands of pioneer refugees, harassed on one side by Indians, and on the other by the proprietors in England with ridiculous paper constitutions, Virginia was a large, prosperous, and well-ordered community, intensely Anglo-Saxon in blood, prejudices, and religion. Her climate was equally adapted to either black or white labor. Her boundaries embraced a great variety of physical features, from a level seacoast pierced with rivers, to the wall of mountains that divides the Mississippi basin from the Atlantic slope, and in those days divided for so long the red man from the white. So every facility was given for a population purely English, and without any cause of dislike to English institutions such as was natural to the New England colonists, to spread themselves over the land and develop quietly into a community less unlike that which gave it birth than most of the other British settlements in America. Virginia, too, it must be remembered, is the parent of other States whose territories were colonized by her people, and whose habits and ways of thought were identical with her own. There were no doubt at the time of the late war small

communities here and there in the South, wealthier and more luxurious than any which could have been found in Virginia, possibly, too, more cosmopolitan and less provincial; but the general social and moral level of the Old Dominion was of a kind that no Southerner, no matter what his State, would object to having put forward as a type of his society at large; a Virginian upon the other hand would not be altogether willing to identify himself with a description of North Carolina, Mississippi, or Georgia, and with justice.

No part of America is quite free from a sort of insensate craving, among its educated classes, to connect their names with those of illustrious English houses, on grounds that an Englishman, similarly circumstanced and named, would not dream of making himself ridiculous by doing. This disease is common in the South, and particularly common in Virginia. Any tradition that connects the provincial aristocracies of the Southern States with an Old World patrician origin, is pure sentimental fiction, that is not only contrary to common sense, and to all evidence that can be collected, but is in defiance of colonial history itself. Nothing would be more interesting than to get at the early statistics of emigration; but what may be called the "cavalier delusion" in Virginia, a delusion to which the outside world, and, to some extent, even historians, taking harmless local vanities too seriously, have fallen a victim, is the result of a misconception of the social framework of the mother country, natural to a long and complete cessation of intercourse with it, and to many other reasons. Among these are the meagreness of the records of the first generation or two that struggled shoulder to shoulder with the dangers and hardships of a new country, but had unquestionably more serious things to think about than the distinctions of rank. Then there was the natural and pardonable longing of a republican aristocracy, holding its position by an uncertain tenure, to add, if possible, the pleasing glamor of ancient lineage to the more substantial pleasures of present power. Fancies, from want of contradiction, soon grow into facts. Genealogical fancies in the South, so far as they concern ante-colonial times, are so vague and wild as more often than not to carry absurdity upon their very faces. Indeed some apology is needed for dwelling so long upon the subject, but it is impossible to discuss the South without allusion to it. It is quite a common belief among the people

in Virginia that they are sprung in some way from the loins of the "British nobility," who apparently forsook their estates and tenants at home during the seventeenth century, and took to the backwoods. I don't mean to say that every educated Virginian indulges in such rubbish as this, but he has probably more or less succumbed to the fetish, while Southern writers and stump orators from time immemorial have done their best to encourage these extravagant absurdities as if they were ashamed of the brave, hard-fisted pioneers that carved out those lands from the primeval forests which they themselves now enjoy. No doubt many cadets of good families found their way to Virginia—as where haven't they found their way to, particularly in more recent times?—but there is nothing in the earlier records of the colony, in the names of the first settlers, to lead one to suppose that the colonial aristocracy which arose with the development of the country and the adoption of negro slavery, was of any other than colonial manufacture. There is no trace of any persons of title in lists of vestrymen and burgesses that marked the most influential colonists of those days. Nearly all these names have an ordinary middle-class ring about them, such as are to be seen on similar, but much better kept records of Massachusetts or Connecticut. But English nomenclature for the average Virginian would have no significance, even if he took the trouble to inform himself accurately as to the early history of the colony, of which he generally knows very little. So the cavalier and the British nobleman flourish in a hazy and picturesque fashion at the root of every Virginian's family tree. No matter if he is only the third of his race that anybody in the State, himself included, can at all identify, there is always the national "Adam" to be depended upon in the far-away background—the cavalier of Southern fancy—a gentleman upon a prancing steed, with flowing locks and nodding feather, ruffling in lace and boiling over with chivalry. He, at any rate, is always there, ready for unknowing foreigners and sentimental American romancists. No doubt many Royalists came to Virginia; it was a Church of England colony; and a vulgar error, not by any means confined to Virginia, forgets the yeomanry and common folk that formed the bulk of the Royalist army, in its social estimate of the cavalier, just as it is apt to forget the men of birth and consideration that were found upon the other; but

the gradual establishment of a colonial aristocracy towards the end of the seventeenth century, if it contained the children of a few younger sons of English country squires, it was because these latter had shown themselves able to cope with the merchants, traders, and yeomen in the battle of life. There is no particle of evidence to show that the aristocracy which emerged from the forests of Virginia, as these gave place to broad fields and plantations, was based on anything but the survival of the fittest. There is no question but that Smiths and Browns and Joneses were very much more numerous among them than De Courcies and Montmorencies. I could give a list of Virginian families, whose pride and whose very proper pride it is, to go back to these days, whose names have a distinctly aristocratic ring in that country, many of which have a local historical record that could gain nothing even by establishing some secondary ante-colonial social tie, and would certainly lose nothing, even from an English point of view, by running back for two centuries to some sturdy British yeoman. Most of the names, however, which Virginians reverence, point strongly to this latter origin. An early governor, writing with unsympathetic British prejudice to the authorities at home, groans over the dawn of this aristocracy, and of "men who would be of little account elsewhere, wanting to imitate the ways of living of English country squires."

Indented servants, negro slaves, an unlimited amount of cheap land, and a long-continued fidelity to everything English, were the leading causes of this social development. Agriculture, pure and simple, with an absence of towns and manufactures, and the increase of negro slavery, helped to perpetuate a social condition that, based on rural possessions, and encouraged for over a century by the law of entail, favored class distinctions. To suppose, however, that this early aristocracy survived intact, or anything like it, up till the late war, would be the greatest of errors; some few families—names well known—have, but for the most part it has been replaced by fresh recruits from below, coming up with each generation, putting on the mantle of "first familyism," and invoking the spectral shade of the plumed cavalier with delightful ease. Southerners are sentimental, and possess the American tendency to exaggeration to the fullest extent. With them, however, it does not run to international high-fal-



tin, and spread-eagleism, so much as to sectional glorification of a harmless and less practical kind, to dreamy genealogical delusions, to fantastic hankerings after somewhat tawdry ideals of mediæval chivalry, that sometimes assumes a shape so grotesque as to be quite unlike any other form of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity one sees, quite incompatible, as an unfriendly cynic might say, with the raising of negroes and the growing and chewing of tobacco; and very much to be regretted by any one who, like the writer, has a warm admiration for the many admirable qualities of the Southern people, and a very strong partiality for both themselves and their country. A Southern community in this particular failing would strike an Englishman accustomed to a different standard, and to generally honest criticism, as a species of mutual-admiration society. There would seem to be an absolute want of perspective in all description. A wooden farmhouse, with half-a-dozen rooms, is prone to become in a Southern printing-room a country-seat. A ten-room brick house, where the third generation are living, becomes a stately and ancestral mansion. A local statesman, whom history and his biographers declare to be the great-grandson of a Bristol trader, is metamorphosed by the genial influence of a Virginian sun into the "scion of a noble race."

The departed judge is eulogized as a gentleman of ancient lineage, though everybody knows that his grandfather, the Revolutionary officer, was the first of the name that anybody ever heard of, and a man of rare culture, though a line of Cicero, or Herodotus, would have put such culture to a most trying test. As an instance of the enigmas that face the student of Southern life, one may cite one of the chief boasts of slavery, "that in creating a leisured class it stimulated intellectual activity." It certainly gave a stimulus to party politics, and the kind of talent required to conduct them, and forensic ability was never wanting; but anything like such a barren literary record as is presented by the Southern States could hardly be paralleled in the history of any civilized community. Yet the claim of unusual "culture" is one of the commonest made in behalf of social Southern superiority. That very prominent feature of Southern life, "Southern pride," is a much more modern institution than it would fain believe itself to be. If it were confined to the really old colonial families who are still prominent, it would be perfectly intelligible and perfectly admissible,

and the hunting up of imaginary cavaliers would be quite superfluous, but it is not. A North Carolinian, educated and well-to-do slaveholder, for instance, would have been in no way behindhand with this indescribable kind of sectional and social pride; but of all the colonies to which England ever gave birth, North Carolina was in its origin probably the most essentially plebeian, and moreover remained plebeian and rude to a very late date. South Carolina, on the other hand, which was only semi-English in origin, rapidly developed a small and well-to-do upper class with commercial and urban as well as mere planting interests. In Virginia a majority, I should say, of those families who claim and receive the appellation of "good," who hug to themselves the magic but elastic title of F. F. V., would not care to go back much beyond the Revolutionary War in the work of investigation, and would shrink from the horny hands of the honest settler whom they would in all probability find axe in hand, barring the genealogical path to the traditional cavalier.

I will take an average county in the centre of Virginia as a fair type of Southern rural life. It will be about the size of one of the smaller English shires, say Huntingdon. It will not be a recently surveyed parallelogram, like a Canadian or Western county, but will have natural boundaries of streams and ridges which were assigned to it early in the last century, within which it has had time to acquire a certain amount of individuality, to cherish a certain amount of local tradition, and to connect itself by degrees with the names of certain influential families. All classes, however, have been more or less stationary upon the soil; old tombstones in fence corners, and in forsaken brier-grown graveyards, bear for the most part on their weather-worn faces the same names as those with which the cross-road stores and the schoolhouses of the day are most familiar. Unlike rural New England, emigration westward has been trifling, and local prejudices and an ignorance of neighboring districts has developed to an extent that would almost put some of our English Arcadias to shame. Before the war sent every able-bodied man here, there, and everywhere, the parallel in that sense would in all probability have been complete. A New York friend of mine who, like myself, has lived for many years in Virginia is fond of declaring by way of illustrating this local patriotism, that no man would have a chance with the jury of a neighboring county if his oppo-

ment were a native of its soil. This is extreme, no doubt, but it is quite certain that to the mass of the people a settler from the neighboring State of Pennsylvania would be quite as much a stranger, and his mode of conducting himself and his affairs quite as much a nine days' wonder, as if he came from England or Scotland.

In this particular county, which I consider to be quite representative enough for ordinary purposes of comparison, there will be a population of about thirty thousand devoted entirely to agricultural pursuits; twelve thousand of these are negroes. Here accuracy of statistics ends. Of the eighteen thousand whites no blue-book, or red-book, or enterprising individual, ever ventured to step in and say who were gentlemen and who were not, who were "good stock" and who were "bad;" who were "mean whites" and who were "mighty respectable people;" but for all that the divisions were there strong enough, though marked by lines that grew faint and uncertain, as class touched class. The word "gentleman," though very freely used in the South, as elsewhere in America, has no social significance whatever, unless when used occasionally by people answering to that description, in a European sense, conversing amongst themselves. Even then it is uttered with a pointed significance, and a sort of consciousness that such language would not do for the street, the office, or the court-house. It was necessary that the middle and lower classes of the South should for several generations before the war be humored in the presence of the negro with harmless terms, so the old sense of the words "gentleman" and "lady," which, in colonial days, still survived, became lost in their general application to nearly all the white population, and came to mean nothing; while their place is occupied by other and less bald definitions, not calculated to offend the democratic ear. "Good people," "first families," "people of refinement," are all awkward makeshifts of social description, for the old definition which has been discarded, not only for the reasons already given, but probably from an instinct that the term in an exclusive sense would have been too marked for a state of society that blended the aristocratic and the democratic feeling so bewilderingly together.

The English traveller or settler in America often comes home disgusted by what he imagines are the social pretensions of the common farming folk, in the

West or elsewhere, in calling themselves ladies and gentlemen. The fact is, the term to them conveys no distinct idea whatever; it has little or no social significance, for they share it with almost every neighbor for fifty miles around, but society adjusts itself, in spite of that, by the irresistible laws of like to like; and your plain republican farmer acquiesces without a murmur in such a disposition. When he has said, "I don't set up to be a 'ristocrat," he has said in the American tongue, as plainly as words can say it, "I don't pretend to be a gentleman," but such phraseology as the latter would be revolting and degrading on American soil, and doesn't indeed sound pretty anywhere.

From a personal acquaintance of a great many years with a district such as I am describing, I should say that out of those eighteen thousand whites, ten thousand belonged to the class that owned before the war no negroes, very little land, and that generally poor, rough, or inaccessible. The majority of these would be the genuine "poor white" of the South, the social pariah of the country. A good minority, however, would be respectable small farmers, who merged gradually and imperceptibly into the lower strata of the ranks of the small slaveholders.

Of the remaining eight thousand members of slaveholders' families, but a very few hundred would, at the opening of the war, have constituted the real gentry class — or "society" — under the most liberal construction. I should say fifty households would be a most comprehensive estimate of those in this county who were recognized, or were fitted by training and education to expect to be recognized, as having any sort of social claim. Some counties, almost as large as the one in question, had but three or four; others had as many probably as a hundred. A large proportion of these had no claim, or, at any rate, no authentic claim, to colonial descent, and a great many would have been exceedingly puzzled if accurate details about their grandfathers had been demanded; but still, all were more or less bound together by a better education and a higher standard of property than the mass of slaveholders, were recognized as "quality" by the negroes, and as "good family" by all (the word good in America not implying the sense of "old" exclusively as with us, but having a slightly different sense), intermarrying till all relationship is lost, naming their children by the surnames of mothers and cousins with a pertinacity enough to upset all

one's notions of Anglo-Saxon nomenclature, backing one another's bills with a recklessness we know nothing of. Polished in manners, but rustic and "rough and ready" in habits of life; fluent of tongue and admirable debaters. Intensely fond of talking and hospitality; contemptuous of clocks and watches and the flight of time they mark. Fond of field sports, but with a much greater respect for literature and the arts than seems quite explicable, seeing how utterly serious study of either was ignored. Not as a rule irreligious nor profane; with a decided Puritan tendency, in fact, in many outward observances. Something like this were the better-class planters of Virginia at the opening of the war; and sufficient time has not yet elapsed to materially alter their characters in the same way it has their circumstances. It does not follow that this class included all the larger slaveholders, but it included most of them, and the proportion of land and negroes per head would have been within its lists far greater than in the large yeoman class below. Rural law was administered in former days by unpaid magistrates on the English system, and from this aristocracy naturally came these magistrates. From this class, too, came the politicians, the officers in the army and navy, the doctors for the most part that practised in the country, the lawyers that clustered round the court-house. A good property would have comprised probably two thousand acres around the homestead, with another thousand or so scattered about elsewhere, and perhaps a large, vaguely defined tract of mountain forests, valueless except as ground on which to plant a small colony of slaves to clear land, make their own living under an overseer, and increase in number and value. The owner of such a property might have had two hundred negroes of all ages and sexes. The value of the land, it must be remembered, would not have been more than about ten or fifteen thousand pounds. The value of the negroes would have been at least five-and-twenty, and I think this would not be far off a fair estimate of the proportionate value of slaves to land throughout Virginia and a large part of the South, taking, that is, the possessions only of slaveholders. The average number of negroes belonging to the richer class of planters would have been nothing like two hundred—not more than one, probably—men, women, and children. A few, however, had far more. A gentleman in the county of Halifax is said to have owned

something like a thousand, numbers of the younger of whom he did not even know by sight. These were, of course, distributed over several plantations, and many hired out at wages commensurate with their skill as laborers to other parties, the wages going to the master, who kept jealous watch over the well-being and the treatment of his property.

The laws of entail and primogeniture were abolished in Virginia, amid tremendous opposition, by Jefferson in 1779, and the colonial aristocracy—originally, for the most part, self-made, it is true, but mellowed by a century or more of placid rural authority—collapsed on to the basis of their own merits. Many families survived this and lived on to the late war, prosperous, distinguished, and honored; but they formed a minority among the second aristocracy that arose chiefly after the Revolutionary War, on a more purely wealth basis, resulting from the rapid development of slavery and the great enhancement in the value of negroes. The crumbling mansions of the older colonial aristocracy are still here and there to be found upon the old seaboard counties of the State, lifting their dilapidated gables above a wilderness of wild growth. The sassafras and the dogwood-tree, the locust and the wild vine twine their boughs together in a tangled chaos over green strips of turf that lean cattle, wandering in the woods, still keep bright and fresh with constant and greedy cropping. The wild broom sedge has for many a long year run riot over broken tombstones, whose mossy faces still faintly proclaim the virtues and the glories of some forgotten race. The poor white or the negro, trailing listlessly behind some venerable steer or mule, turns up in ragged furrows the worn-out soil of paddocks that once echoed to the tread of imported English thoroughbreds, while beneath the warped wainscoting and the high carved mantelpieces of the desolate rooms lie piled the scanty crop of wheat or Indian corn that the ragged occupant has squeezed from the much enduring soil. But these occasional relics in the very old and long ago semi-deserted parts of the State have nothing but a purely sentimental and pre-Revolutionary interest, have nothing to do with the late great crisis or the period before it. When the second or new aristocracy of Virginia—for, in spite of the many notable exceptions, such it in fact was—went into the late civil war, it carried a mass of individual indebtedness. Slaves had increased

far beyond the numbers required for economic agricultural production. Motives, both of pride and affection, prevented, or, at any rate, very much cramped deliberate sale without some recognized excuse, of which the most usual was intractability on the part of a negro. Negro security was admirable. To put the matter plainly, a planter's property increased annually in accordance with the increase in his negro establishment. Instead of selling that surplus, which his instinct generally revolted from, he issued equivalent paper, which, at the proper rate, was readily accepted and often not presented till some settlement by death or otherwise occasioned a wind-up of the family estate. Then, if no arrangement within the family could be made, the slave had to be sold or hired out to satisfy the creditors. This is a rough outline of the prevailing economic system of those days. Space forbids allusion to the many modifications and exceptions that existed. Credit was unlimited, economy little understood. A certain check was put upon extravagance, as the word would be understood in England, by the absence of luxury and the extreme simplicity of their ideas of life, by the absence of metropolitan centres, and the constant tie to home which slavery entailed on its employers. Entertaining, however, even when it is simply done, if carried to excess, will make great inroads on a limited property, and in Virginia hospitality was literally unbounded. Even to this day to ask a Virginian to come and stay from Monday till Friday, or from Wednesday till Saturday, mentioning, that is to say, a limit for his visit, would be considered a most barbarous outrage. There is something almost ludicrous, if it were not so pathetic, in the picture of poor Mr. Jefferson's declining years at Monticello. His property, which had amounted to something over forty thousand pounds when he left office, was literally eaten up by the swarms of visitors of all kinds, whom his ideas of hospitality forbade him to close his doors to; and when he died, the sale of his property failed to cover his debts.

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From The National Review.  
A SEQUEL TO "RICH MEN'S  
DWELLINGS."

BY LADY JOHN MANNERS.

FORTY or fifty years ago the machinery of daily life was less cumbersome, less

complicated, less costly than it is at present. A hundred years ago still greater simplicity prevailed. Records of what are called household expenses in great houses, half a century back, prove that the so-called requirements of society have increased, while in too many cases the incomings have not increased in proportion. About the period referred to, even in the largest country establishments, it was not the custom to offer more than one dinner in the day. The meal was of long duration, and heavy in character; frequently the potatoes succeeding it lasted for a considerable time. But luncheon, as it is now understood, did not exist. A slight repast, easily served, and taken without ceremony, was the usual stop-gap between breakfast and dinner, although the first meal of the day was by no means elaborate. Men of the old school seldom troubled themselves to take more than a biscuit or a sandwich when they rode across country, or had a hard day's shooting. It is true that the great battues that are at present the fashion, which are, indeed, very serious undertakings, had not then been heard of. Country gentlemen considered shooting more in the light of a recreation in those days, whereas now that vast sums are spent on preserving, the organization of a "great shoot" is a matter of importance, involving the destruction of, perhaps, three or four thousand pheasants. Now, when parties are entertained in well-appointed sporting country houses in England, or in shooting-lodges in Scotland, a succession of meals, each partaking more or less of the character of a dinner, occupies the attention of the guests, with brief intervals for rest, from morning hours till long past dewy eve.

Before the ladies — indeed, before most of the gentlemen — leave their beds, dainty little services of tea and bread and butter are carried to them. Sometimes the younger men prefer brandy-and-soda. Fortified by these refreshments, the non-sporting guests come to breakfast about ten. Four hot dishes, every sort of cold meats that might fitly furnish forth a feast, fruits, cakes, tea, coffee, cocoa, claret on the sideboard, constitute a satisfactory breakfast, often prolonged till within two hours and a half of luncheon. The shooters have probably breakfasted earlier. The important institution of luncheon begins at two. Again the table is spread with many varieties of flesh and fowl, hot and cold proofs of the cook's ability; plain puddings for those who study their

health, creations in cream for those who have not yet devoted themselves to that never-failing source of interest. Coffee is often served after lunch, which is usually over soon after three. If a shooting-party has gone out, Norwegian stoves crammed with hot dishes of an appetizing character have been despatched to the scene of action. Though champagne is sometimes sent, your crack shot, as a rule, sticks to the whiskey, or to claret; unless, indeed, he prefers some happy thought of his own, such as a mixture of curaçoa and brandy, in his flask. If hunting is the order of the day, good-sized cases have been prepared, which the second horsemen carry slung on their backs. The ladies gather round the tea-table about five, usually showing much appreciation of any little surprises in the way of muffins, or tea-cakes, provided by a thoughtful hostess. When the shooters come in, some will probably join the ladies, perhaps a few may like a little champagne, but tea and talk tempt the majority. One or two who have shot very steadily, and are themselves wise old birds, will retire to their rooms, and, perhaps, get between the sheets for an hour or two. About half past six the hostess will probably withdraw to see that there is a *menu* written out for each guest, unless it has been printed. At eight or half past, dinner will be served. The floral arrangements are probably elaborate, and have generally been carried out by the head gardener, or the groom of the chambers; the saying "*C'est le trop qui nuit*" is sometimes forgotten, for occasionally the table-cloth is almost hidden by masses of greenery, or literally strewn, like a forest path, with fading autumn leaves. Sometimes baskets of flowers are sent from Paris, or from Nice, to form the centre of a group. The art of decorating a table is now studied by professional experts in that branch.

Sir Henry Thompson, in his admirable book, "*Food and Feeding*," has laid down principles which, by directing the attention of dinner-givers to the quality of the fare provided, and by suggesting diminution as to the quantity, have greatly conduced to the pleasure of diners-out. The more moderate length of dinners in what are called "good houses" is a matter of general congratulation. The six or four *entrées* have dwindled to two or three, and those dreadful inventions formerly known as sweets, rarely touched by man, have also decreased, little savories taking the place of some of the colored jellies

and creams that formerly appeared in monotonous rotation.

By ten, or half past, dinner is generally over. Coffee is brought into the dining-room, while the gentlemen smoke. It is whispered that some of the ladies enjoy a post-prandial cigarette. Liqueurs and tea are offered during the evening, and keep up flagging energies till the ladies ostensibly go to bed, after a little money has changed hands at poker or loo.

Then the serious business of the night begins for the gentlemen, who dive into the recesses of the smoking room — recesses formerly sacred to them; but it is rumored that the rustlings of tea-gowns have sometimes been heard in those hitherto inviolable retreats, and that, if a billiard table is to be found in the smoking-room, its attractions draw ladies thither. Brews of many kinds are prepared — effervescing waters, whiskey, brandy, claret, lemons in profusion must be at hand, for the saying, "So many men, so many minds," may be rendered, "So many men, so many tastes."

If, when the party breaks up, the complicated arrangements essential to the working of the commissariat have been successfully carried out, if the shooting has been first-rate, if the wine has been so good that no one has felt particularly jumpy or chippy, the host and hostess will be rewarded. For several of the guests will probably observe, "So-and-so really does you very well." But, in order to obtain this encomium, the host and hostess, the butler, the groom of the chambers, the housekeeper, the cook, in fact, the whole staff indoors, the head keeper and his myrmidons, the different heads of the out-door departments, and, if in Scotland, the fishermen and the gillies, must each be first-rate people in their respective lines, who know their duty and are determined to do it. Americans regard with amazement the perfect organization of many of our great households; the excellence of the intelligent, attentive, respectful men, who serve us as butlers, valets, grooms of the chambers and footmen, impresses them much.

The increase of expenditure on the table has extended to other branches of household finance. Much more is spent by ladies on dress than was formerly the case; yet good, useful, and pretty materials may be had for very moderate prices. When, however, the homespun tweed, or the cambric, is made up by a tailor, or a first-rate dressmaker, ten or twelve pounds will be charged for it. This sum used to



be the price of a silk gown. Many ladies at the present time, whose fortunes cannot be considered large, spend six hundred a year on their toilettes; and it is not unusual for a thousand to be expended by those who go out a great deal. Sixty guineas for a court dress is a not uncommon price. Though brocades and satins now rival in richness those in the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, they do not seem to possess equally lasting qualities. At all events, many of their wearers are "constant to a constant change." There are now costumes for every variation of the barometer, specially adapted for every occasion. At five o'clock tea the most glowing velvets and rich laces may replace the sensible serge suit for an hour, until the tea gown has to be changed for the less comfortable but equally costly dinner dress. Young unmarried girls were formerly dressed with the utmost simplicity: white draperies, like those Sir Joshua Reynolds used to paint, were considered in every respect most suitable for them; but now, too often, three, four, or five hundred a year are spent on the dress of a girl whose fortune may never exceed that amount. How much kinder it would be, instead of letting the money dissolve into clouds of filmy net, to lay aside a part of it to increase her marriage portion! It has been said that, no matter how humble the dwelling, wherever a young man and a young woman who love each other make their home, *there* is Paradise. But, with the expensive habits of our days, it requires some courage for a young couple, who have passed their early years in luxury, to marry on small means. Experience, however, shows that those who determine to live with simplicity, and to exercise self-denial for the sake of each other, may enjoy the perpetual feast of mutual affection without spending largely. But it is easier to begin married life in an economical manner than to retrench later.

Another item of expenditure which has augmented greatly is house-rent, particularly in London. Houses in or near South Kensington and Tyburnia, some years ago, might be had on comparatively moderate terms. Now, small houses in those outlying parts of the town are scarcely more reasonable than others of the same calibre in the neighborhood of Mayfair or St. James Street. The great distances that have to be traversed make the item of journeys in and about London an important one. Busy men have been known to spend two hundred a year in hansoms, even while having carriages.

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Wages have nearly doubled — but this must be a matter of congratulation to those who reflect how essential it is for servants to lay up against a time of sickness or old age. Very often a considerable part of their earnings is given in youth to help in supporting members of their family. Many, as in the case of coachmen and footmen, are exposed to risks from cold and wet; often, it is to be feared, the rooms or pantries in which they sleep are very unhealthy. Too frequently the example of those they serve does not teach them to practise thrift.

It would be idle to attempt here to enumerate the instances in which the expenses of life in London have increased. The reflection would extend to almost every form of social intercourse or amusement. A spirit of emulation in expenditure pervades the higher and the middle classes.

Entertainments are on a much more costly scale than formerly. Two thousand pounds are occasionally spent on flowers for one ball. The roses and lilies of the girls' complexions used to be considered the chief ornament of the room. Now, indeed, there are balls to which only three or four girls are invited — married women's balls, where the charm of the ladies can only be surpassed by the attractions of the supper.

Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes, are recognized institutions involving considerable expense. Some people, indeed, who would not for anything miss the Ascot week, have been known to shirk going to the races in order to enjoy the delicious feeling of rest on a velvet lawn, in the summer sunshine, after being "rushed" in London. For after some weeks of pleasure a sensation of being chivied, hunted, or rushed, occasionally overcomes the most energetic.

Rents at seaside places have risen greatly. In the autumn, a hundred guineas a month is considered a fair price for a pretty good house at any of the favourite towns on the coast within easy distance of London.

A glance at the pages of the *Sportsman's Guide* will show that £1,600, or £2,000, for good grouse-shooting and a comfortable lodge, is not unfrequently paid. First-rate salmon-fishing commands large sums, nor can the "king of fish" be relied on to come to time. Forests are let at rents varying from £2,000 to £4,000, and are increasing in value — creeping on all fours after a beast for many consecutive hours being one of the keenest delights

to all Scotchmen and many Englishmen. The large proportion of the best Scotch moors, rivers and forests, are secured by men who have made immense fortunes by commerce, or occasionally by their inventive powers, or their quickness in seizing opportunities of turning their knowledge to the best account in financial transactions.

Scotland is almost as popular with rich Americans as Paris. Even if they do not return thither year after year, they visit its most beautiful scenery, and find in the brilliant coloring of the wild cherry, the beech, the birch, in autumn, some resemblance to the vivid hues of the white oak, and the maple, on the banks of the Mississippi. Some of them make a home part of the year in the Highlands, and bring the luxuries of the Broadway to the foot of the stern wild mountains. Many merchant princes from our own great cities find a couple of months spent in a sequestered glen more beneficial than a visit to Homburg or Karlsbad. There are octogenarian sportsmen who still find the breath of the heather exercise its reviving influence on them, and enjoy it all the more after the work of the office, the bank, or the brewery.

Many of those referred to have earned their money by hard and protracted toil. They are usually very kind to the poor in their neighborhood, nor do they omit the kindly courtesies of life to the rich, or rather to the well-to-do, for riches do not abound among Scotch landed proprietors "at the present," to use a Scotch expression. Sometimes a whole countryside is benefited by the tenancy of one of these hospitable millionaires, who are often excellent sportsmen.

It is noticeable that while they do everything, as a rule, on a very liberal scale, those who have been most successful in amassing money usually have an accurate estimate as to its value. Their business habits are often kept up, as regards the administration of their private affairs, after they have retired from the management of their commercial houses — they rarely waste, or allow others to waste, their wealth.

Some of these tenants of Highland shootings may think it worth while to import wild turkeys and canvas-back ducks from America; fish, except salmon, from Bond Street; fruit from Covent Garden, and butter from Edinburgh; the appointments of their houses may be comfortable almost to luxuriousness, their equipages numerous, but they do not muddle away

money without receiving its worth. And usually a large proportion is spent in benevolence, we will not say in charity, for charity does not always benefit the recipients. What is here meant by benevolence is affording employment at liberal wages, and providing comfortable house-room for dependents.

The money spent among the gillies and fishermen during the autumn in Scotland brings comfort to their homes, and enables them to help their aged relations, to whom they are usually very kind. The Scotch poor are thrifty, spending little on food. Oatmeal porridge, sweetened with treacle, when milk, as is too often the case, is scarce, constitutes the chief part of their daily fare. Dried herrings, a little tea, Indian tea being preferred, are their luxuries. Whiskey must not be omitted from this short list, but in some parts of the country the people have themselves established places where they can procure tea. Many a "John Anderson my Jo," in humble life, has a hard fight of it in winter, when the snow perhaps lies several feet high in front of his cottage, to keep his "auld wife" from the dreaded poor-house. The very poor often endure privations and intense cold, in the spirit of an aged Highlander, who was wont to say in days of sorest need, "We maun just bear what the Lord lays on us."

But in order to indulge in luxuries on the scale referred to, and at the same time to provide for the poor, very large fortunes are essential.

The number of millionaires or demi-millionaires has increased greatly of late years. In the neighborhood of our great commercial centres, palaces and villas have risen which testify to the prosperity of the owners. It is to Manchester that most of John Everett Millais's pictures find their way; the conservatories of many of the great merchants there, and near other centres of commercial activity, boast the rarest orchids, which adorn banquets not unworthy of Lucullus. Their children enjoy every possible educational advantage; and in these days, when the system of competitive examination has been imported from China into this country, educational advantages open the way to success in life. Sometimes £10,000 a year is allowed to each son who marries, and ample dowries are given to the daughters.

When the heir to the throne maintains an establishment suited to his dignity, when he extends hospitality at festive seasons to his friends, his neighbors, his

tenants, when he supplies every cottager on his estate with substantial proofs of his kindly feelings toward them, he confers benefits not only on his immediate surroundings, but on his country; for he draws closer the bonds which unite different classes in friendly union.

The same happy influence is exercised by every great noble, every landed proprietor, and every citizen whose fortune justifies him in following in the footsteps of the good old English gentleman, —

Who while he feasted all the rich,  
Yet ne'er forgot the poor,  
Nor was the houseless wanderer  
E'er driven from his door.

While comparatively few favorites of fortune possess great wealth, the large majority of people in what is called "society" have only moderate means, a still larger proportion are struggling with financial embarrassments, and we learn from the highest source whence wisdom can be drawn that the poor shall never cease out of the land.

Now that agitators are advocating the confiscation of the lands of the rich to benefit the poor, it is well to recall to memory the words of Burke: —

The laboring people are only poor because they are numerous. Numbers in their nature imply poverty. In a fair distribution among a vast multitude none can have much. That class of dependent pensioners called the rich is so extremely small that if all their throats were cut and a distribution made of all they consume in a year, it would not give a bit of bread and cheese for one night's supper to those who labor, and who in reality feed both the pensioners and themselves.

But the throats of the rich ought not to be cut, nor their magazines plundered; because in their persons they are trustees for those who labor, and their hoards are the banking-houses of these latter. Whether they mean it or not, they do in effect execute their trust, some with more, some with less, fidelity and judgment. But on the whole the duty is performed, and everything returns, deducting some very trifling commission and discount, to the place from whence it arose. When the poor rise to destroy the rich they act as wisely for their own purposes as when they burn mills and throw corn into the river to make bread cheap.

Whether in consequence of the adoption of habits of life involving increased expenditure, or from agricultural depression, numbers of people are anxiously asking how they can discharge their duties to their families, to society, and the poor, with the funds at their disposal.

Will they cast a retrospective glance on the customs of their predecessors in times not so very remote? The following passage occurs in Boswell's "Life of Johnson": —

Lord Shelburne used to tell me that a man of high rank, who looks into his own affairs, may have all that he ought to have, all that can be of any use, or appear with any advantage, for five thousand pounds a year.

The official salary of the prime minister was fixed at that sum by the Reform ministry, and though occasionally the office of chancellor of the exchequer, with half its emoluments, is held by the first lord of the treasury, the salary has not increased.

Perhaps the record of her expenses left by the wife of Sir Philip, then Mr., Francis, may not be uninteresting. When her husband went to India, there to occupy an important official position, she remained in England to await his return. She was to have a house in Harley Street, to keep two footmen, a carriage and a pair of horses, and a suitable establishment. On April 20, 1777, Mrs. Francis sends the following list of her expenses: —

	£	s.	d.
House and stables in Harley Street . . . . .	205	0	0
Housekeeping at four guineas a week . . . . .	222	0	0
Philip's school and clothes . . . . .	100	0	0
Servants' wages — five in number . . . . .	42	0	0
Men's Liveries . . . . .	12	12	0
Girls' clothes — there are five . . . . .	100	0	0
Coals and wine and apothecary . . . . .	80	0	0
Coach, etc. . . . .	120	0	0
Monthlies for myself . . . . .	60	0	0
	941	12	0

Country families, even within the memory of living people, used to go for a week to the county town, where the gaieties of the races, and the ball at the assembly rooms, were supposed to make up to the young ladies for absence from London. Edinburgh had its season, and the hopes of the Highland and Lowland beauties seldom aspired beyond the border.

In the course of a recent discussion on the augmentation of household expenses, it was mentioned that the prices of bread and of groceries are much lower now than they were forty years ago. Meat has nearly doubled in price. A certain number of brewers seem to have realized Dr. Johnson's ideas, and to have found in their vats the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Dis-

tillers, more cunning than alchemists of bygone days, have extracted gold in abundance by their processes. It is stated that tobacco manufacturers and soap-boilers make four times as much money now as they did at the time referred to. A very large number of our countrymen have developed Teutonic capacities for smoking. If ten or twelve cigars are consumed in the twenty-four hours, with interludes in which cigarettes and pipes are substituted, the sum that vanishes in smoke, varying according to the price of the tobacco, is considerable. In a few instances the expenditure on cigars amounts to five pounds a day. The increase in the sale of soap may be partly accounted for by the fact that forty or fifty years ago the tub was not considered a necessary article of furniture.

It is said that the consumption of tea and sugar has increased tenfold. Now that light claret is drunk in tumblers almost universally, wine-merchants prosper; though it is no longer considered essential for a country gentleman to advise his son to "tan his inside well with a bottle of port every day," advice that was formerly cheerfully followed.

Last season the leading dressmakers were receiving almost more orders than they could get through for the most expensive dresses. Florists, even at this time of year, find no difficulty in selling huge sheaves of flowers, by courtesy called bouquets, at sums ranging from three guineas to fancy prices. Hair-dressers have a brisk sale of fluffy fringes, tresses of every shade. It is true that occasionally the golden plaits, and the beautiful silver hair that we regard as the glory of advancing years, are made of the finest alpaca wool, but they are very profitable merchandise. French artists are decorating reception-rooms with snowy brocades, relieved by tints of gold for those who appreciate their taste; our own upholsterers furnish suites of rooms with the softest plush, or glowing damasks, and every imaginable appliance for luxurious lounging. Those palaces of Pall Mall, the clubs, are more than full, and women now have established their right to enjoy the delights of club life.

The composer of "Pinafore" and "Patience," as well as the writer of the librettos of those charming works, have not only won golden opinions from their delighted countrymen, but a golden harvest has rewarded their labors. In Mozart's time it was usual for the composer of an

opera to receive one hundred ducats, and the librettist was given fifty. The income of Mozart's household in 1788 was eight hundred florins. In 1833 Mendelssohn accepted the post of musical director at Düsseldorf at a yearly salary of six hundred thalers (£90). In our days, a song that becomes really popular brings in large sums to its fortunate possessor. "Nancy Lee," for instance, brought over £4,000. The demand for novels is so large, that Messrs. Mudie issued in 1883 a new novel for each day in the year, while rejecting many. The excess of letters that passed through the General Post Office last Christmas week, approached twenty millions over previous years. Probably most of these letters contained a Christmas card: the sums spent in these pretty trifles are now considerable.

Theatres are thronged, concerts are crowded, at well-organized fancy fairs thousands are spent. If a young lady of average popularity marries, she is nearly sure to receive silver knickknacks, jewelled insects, and ormolu inkstands enough to fill several chests. "Articles de Paris," which, by the way, are often made in Birmingham, are eagerly bought. Money for superfluities seems to abound.

Yet, from many parts of the United Kingdom, the saddest accounts reach dispirited statesmen. Many country gentlemen have seen no course open to them but to sell their ancestral acres. Others have left their manor-houses, and have taken small residences in the neighborhood of their lands, where they can devote their energies to cultivating the farms which have been thrown upon their hands. In some instances, while they have given up their favorite sports, they have not allowed their poor people to suffer. Many more who cannot part with their estates or their responsibilities, see no satisfactory solution to the problem how to make both ends meet. Owing to financial embarrassment, the curse of absenteeism threatens many a rural community.

In London an enormous number of men are hopelessly seeking work — skilled artisans, carpenters, painters, workmen in various branches of trade. Those who see them day after day at the houses of call, where they go to ask if they can hear of employment, describe their condition as painful in the extreme. The reason assigned is that many of those who used to employ them at this season of the year cannot afford to have the usual "setting to rights" undertaken in their houses.

It is to be feared that the words of the Laureate are too true, and that these are days

When the poor are hovelled and hustled together each sex like swine.

In our great cities the "fire-water" has been as deadly in its effects as it proved in the wigwams of the Red man. Hospitals are over-crowded: a few weeks ago the wards of one of the largest were full of cases of typhoid fever; it was scarcely possible for urgent cases to be received. As Lord Salisbury recently said, "In supporting hospitals the benevolent can hardly go wrong." The steady, continuous aid required by these institutions is not given in proportion to the calls made on their resources, by the unceasing entreaties of the sick for admission.

Great poverty frequently exists in the closest proximity to the dwellings of the rich; in almost every mews a mission field may be found.

It is consoling to reflect that where there is distress, there charity is often at hand to succor the helpless and teach those who can learn to help themselves. The experiences recorded in the brief pages of Miss Octavia Hill's "Homes of the London Poor," and in the "Bright Side of Outcast London," by Lady Tankerville, are full of encouragement. Every person who provides food and warmth for the cold and hungry, who seeks out the destitute in garret or cellar, who teaches the neglected, or who, being too poor to undertake either of these works of mercy, gives sympathy to the suffering, is diminishing the vast aggregate of human misery.

In the present state of society the contrasts are startling. Perhaps the day may come when one half of the world may set itself in earnest to find out how the other half lives. When that knowledge is gained, some may see their way to ordering their lives in such a manner that, without neglecting their social duties or compromising the future of those who come after them, they may themselves enjoy the one luxury that never palls, the luxury of doing good.

"Au delà des devoirs de justice il y a les devoirs de dévouement qui ne sont plus soumis à des règles précises. Le dévouement, l'héroïsme, le sacrifice c'est le luxe de la morale, luxe nécessaire et obligatoire, mais qui ne peut être imposé sous forme de loi." In these words, the French philosopher, Victor Cousin, re-echoes the divine teaching of the Golden Rule.

From The Saturday Review.  
PAPAL POETS.

HER Majesty's fresh instalment of her diary appears at almost the same moment with another volume emanating from a crowned — and indeed triply crowned — head. Under the title of "*Leonis XIII. Pont. Maximi Carmina*" Professor Brunelli of Perugia has just edited a collection of Latin poems by the present pope, with an Italian version of his own. The appearance of such a work naturally suggests reflections on the literary and especially the poetical antecedents of the long line of pontiffs to whom his Holiness succeeds. The subject is not, in one sense, a very copious one, for the number of popes, as of other rulers or potentates in Church or State, who have enjoyed a literary reputation has, as might be expected, not been very great. Mr. Creighton makes rather a strong statement in saying of Æneas Silvius (Pius II.) that "he is, perhaps, the only man of letters who has been equally eminent in literature and in statesmanship." But as a rule the two kinds of eminence are not found in combination. Many sovereigns and popes have been men of no special distinction of any sort, and those who have been distinguished were usually, to cite a phrase — if we remember rightly of Napoleon's — "too busy making history to have time to write it;" still less could they find leisure for poetical composition. As regards the early popes the fact has often been noticed, and is dwelt on by Milman, partly in proof of the inherent and growing greatness of their see, that none of them were men of very conspicuous personality; the very names and dates even of some of the series are still uncertain. It is not too much to say that Leo the Great in the middle of the fifth century is the first whose personal character emerges from obscurity; so much so that the same writer justly speaks of his pontificate as constituting an "epoch in the history of Latin, or rather of universal, Christianity." And Leo was moreover a considerable preacher; at this day many of his sermons might be preached with edification, and with scarcely the change of a word, before an educated congregation, from either an Anglican or a Roman Catholic pulpit; there is an almost modern tone about them, and Milman calls them "singularly Christian, as dwelling almost exclusively on Christ." The next great pontiff, a century and a half later, was also a preacher and a writer, and even a poet, though he has been somewhat



unfairly gibbeted by Hallam and other authorities as a typical enemy of learning. Hallam says that hostility to it "was inculcated in the most extravagant degree by Gregory I., the founder in a great measure of the papal supremacy, and the chief authority in the dark ages;" there is even a late, and probably apocryphal, story of his burning a library of heathen authors. It is certain that he spoke with some contempt of grammatical niceties in writing, and thought it improper for clergymen to be employed in teaching grammar; and that he commended the youthful Benedict, afterwards founder of the Benedictine Order, for his flight from Rome to the desert, preferring to be *nescienter sciens et scienter indoctus*. But Benedict fled to escape the vices, not the education, of the capital; and it must be remembered on the one hand that the bent of Gregory's mind was in the direction of practical energy and especially of missionary enterprise — which made him, in Milman's words, "the father of the mediæval Papacy" — while on the other hand he lived at a period when the old classical Latin was in the last stage of decay, and neither the mediæval Latin, which is really a different language, nor any of the tongues of modern Europe were yet in a position to replace it. The kind of grammatical instruction he put aside as mere waste of precious time was in fact little better than a form of obsolete pedantry. Meanwhile he was himself, as we have seen, a poet, and some of the finest of the ancient hymns still preserved in the Roman Breviary are from his pen; a monk of Monte Cassino, named Amatus, dedicated to him a poem on St. Peter and St. Paul.

It is a far cry from Gregory I. at the end of the sixth century to Gregory VII., better known as Hildebrand, at the end of the eleventh; but, with the exception of Nicholas I. and Leo IX., who also were men of action, not men of letters, there is no pope of commanding personality between them. Leo IX. is said indeed to have been an effective preacher, but rather from the saintly unction of his sermons than from any special rhetorical power. The two next great pontiffs, Innocent III. and Innocent IV., had little time for indulging in any literary pursuits, and thus we are brought, after two centuries more, to Pius II., whose name has already been referred to, and who has not been unjustly described as, in his previous life, before he became immersed in public affairs,

"one of the earliest representatives of the man of letters pure and simple." His literary tastes were not indeed exactly accordant with his subsequent position. He wrote among other things a poem, as he boasted, of more than two thousand lines in length in honor of the mistress of his Sienese friend, Mariano de Sozini, and he took pride in receiving from Frederick III. the laureate's crown. It is quite true that few men of more consummate abilities or larger ambition ever sat on the papal throne than Pius II., who in changing his name, not only abandoned the immoralities, but, as Milman puts it, "boldly, unreservedly, absolutely condemned the heretical tenets of Æneas Silvius." The next pontiff of decided literary tastes, who, though not himself an author, was a liberal and appreciative patron of learned men, and especially of poets, was unfortunately still less of a credit to the papacy than Pius II. The retort of an Anglican controversialist, when charged with the Socinianism of Bishop Hoadley, "Leo X. was a pope, though an infidel," may perhaps be an exaggeration, but that his tastes and his morals were alike essentially pagan there can be no manner of doubt. The Italian poetry of the age which he and other Renaissance popes delighted to patronize, was of the type consigned to an immortality of shame in Beccadelli's "*Hermaphroditus*." If we pass over two centuries more, Benedict XIV. and Clement XIII., better known as Ganganelli, two of the best as well as ablest popes of the later centuries, were both authors, but we are not aware that either of them cultivated poetry.

As regards the present pope, his literary habits and capabilities have long been matter of notoriety; and Signor Brunelli takes occasion, in the preface to the volume of poems he has edited, to tell us some pertinent anecdotes in illustration of it. Thus it appears that, when Bishop of Perugia, Cardinal Pecci took an active interest in the working of his diocesan seminary, and was in fact "more than bishop, he was our rector, master, and father." He was constantly to be seen "in the chapel, in the corridors, at meals, at recreation, in the private rooms, in the school, and even teaching at the desk." On one morning, for instance, Brunelli, then himself a student, came down late for his class, and was much taken aback to find the cardinal bishop himself seated at the master's desk and explaining Cicero "*Pro Milone*" to his

pupils. Brunelli mentions that he knew by heart more than half of Dante, and nearly the whole of the *Æneid* and Odes of Horace. His recent move in regard to the Vatican Library was noticed in our columns at the time. It may be added here that three weeks ago he received in private audience the members of the German Historical Club in Rome, with each of whom he conversed separately on the particular work he was engaged upon, and then proceeded to deliver a general address, in which the following significant passage occurs: "We have no fears about the publication of documents, for every pope, one more, another less, has labored, often under great difficulties, for the advance of God's kingdom on earth, and this among all peoples. . . . Work then, with courage and perseverance, with activity and joy, not so much for earthly reward and human recognition and honor as for the honor and glory of God." The present volume is of a somewhat lighter, though mainly of a religious kind. It opens with poems commemorating St. Herculaneus and another martyred bishop of Perugia, and then follow verses of a more directly personal interest. One poem is addressed to a friend, "*Ad Vincentium Panormum*," on his name of Vincent. Another, "*De Invaletudine Sua*, 1830," is on a serious illness which threatened his own life when he was only ten years old; it begins:—

Ipse puer denos, Joachim, vix crescis in annos,  
Morborem heu quanta vi miser obrueris;  
Juerit hos fando tristes memorare dolores,  
Et vitæ ærumnas dicere carminibus.

Then follow some couplets describing his illness, and expectation of death, and the poem ends:—

Non me labentis perturbant gaudia vitæ,  
Æternis inhians nil peritura moror;  
Attingens patriam felix erit advena, felix  
Si valet ad portum ducere nauta ratem.

After this there come lines on a certain youth, Roger A. C. by name, who "effrontem mulierem depellit;" then some in which "fons loquitur," like Horace's fountain of Bandusia; then some more "de se ipso" under date of 1875; verses on his sister, on Gertrude Sterbini, a virgin, and various sets on different priests of the author's acquaintance and superiors of convents. One poem is on "*Ars photographica*," one addressed to a Perugian friend, whom he desired to recall from an immoral life, and one bears the ominous title "*Damnatorum ad inferos lamenta-*

*bilis vox*;" two are in Italian, one being a hymn to the Virgin, the other of a jocose kind, addressed to Orfei, his predecessor in the delegation of Benevento. The lines seem generally, as far as we can judge from the specimens before us, to be smooth and classical in form; but the chief and permanent interest of the volume will lie, of course, in its frequent biographical allusions, from the time of the author's early childhood down to the present day, and in the evidence it affords of classical taste and pursuits, for which neither popes nor *papalini* have of late years been remarkable. And the circumstance mentioned by the editor, of his Holiness's intimate familiarity with both Virgil and Dante, shows that in his case this habit of mind has been cherished through life. Dante is indeed the great Catholic poet of the Middle Ages, and there is a close affinity between the teachings of the "*Divina Commedia*" and of Aquinas, which may help to explain the predilection of the present pope for it. But it seems that he is equally at home in Virgil and Horace, and here no such secondary interest can have prompted his choice.

It may further be observed that the volume reflects a pleasing light on the simplicity, devoutness, and natural sympathy of the personal character of Leo. XIII. We see his patience and trust in the divine mercy under severe illness, his playful rallying of one companion, and urgent warning of another, whom he feared to be straying into forbidden paths, his affection for his sister and loyalty to his friends. There is nothing to be sure out of the common in all this, nothing we are not accustomed to meet with every day, but then somehow it is pleasant to be reminded that popes and kings are after all "our own flesh and blood," and it is especially pleasant, when they are persons exemplary and energetic in the discharge of the public duties of their exalted station, to find that their human feelings and sympathies remain warm and fresh as though no such divinity did hedge them about, and that they are quite willing to confess so much. It is this revelation which gives to the queen's Highland journal its peculiar charm, and has evoked so wide and hearty a response among its multitudinous readers. And we can well imagine that for the great multitude of Christians of various nations, who look up to the successor of St. Peter as their spiritual father and pastor, this little col-

lection of papal poems will have something of the same significance and attraction, and that they will recognize in it the "touch of nature" which makes pope and peasant kin. For those among them who are scholars and keenly alive to the importance of enlisting scholarship in the service of religion, it will of course possess a further interest as coming from such a quarter. But to the ordinary Catholic, who cares little for such matters, and has been accustomed to gaze in distant awe, as at an infallible but impersonal oracle, at the mysterious presence enthroned in the Vatican, it may be expected to convey something of the impression produced on Dr. Arnold's boys at Rugby, according to his biographer, as they whispered to each other in accents of half-incredulous admiration, "Why, he calls us fellows."

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From Nature.

#### THE AXIOMS OF GEOMETRY.

SINCE the time when Riemann and Helmholtz began their investigations on the axioms of geometry so much has been written on this subject in learned papers and in a more or less popular form that it might have appeared superfluous again to call the attention of writers on, and teachers of, elementary geometry to it, had it not been for the publication a year or two ago of a new edition of the first six books of Euclid's "Elements," with annotations and notes, by Prof. Casey. I hope the eminent author of this in many respects excellent book will excuse me for criticising some points in it, and making them the opportunity for again returning to the question about the axioms in geometry.

The points I object to besides his treatment of Book V., of which I may possibly say a few words on another occasion, is contained in note B at the end of the book. Here Prof. Casey gives Legendre's and Hamilton's proofs of I. 32, that the sum of the interior angles of any triangle is equal to two right angles, implying, of course, that he considers these proofs valid, proofs which are independent of the theory of parallels. The theorem in question depends in Euclid upon Axiom XII., and all depends upon the question whether this axiom is necessary. For the two propositions in this axiom and in Theorem I. 32 stand in such a relation that either is a consequence of the

other. Hence if I. 32 can be proved independently, the Axiom XII. changes into a theorem. But the investigations above referred to show that it is this axiom which tells us what kind of a surface the plane really is, and that until this axiom is introduced all propositions apply equally well to the spherical and to the plane surface.

I select for discussion the "quaternion proof" given by Sir William Hamilton, this being the easiest of the two. But that by Legendre can be treated in exactly the same way.

Hamilton's proof consists in the following:—

One side A B of the triangle A B C is turned about the point B till it lies in the continuation of B C; next, the line B C is made to slide along B C till B comes to C, and is then turned about C till it comes to lie in the continuation of A C. It is now again made to slide along C A till the point B comes to A, and is turned about A till it lies in the line A B. Hence it follows, *since rotation is independent of translation*, that the line has performed a whole revolution, that is, it has been turned through four right angles. But it has also described in succession the three exterior angles of the triangle, hence these are together equal to four right angles, and from this follows at once that the interior angles are equal to two right angles.

To show how erroneous this reasoning is—in spite of Sir William Hamilton and in spite of quaternions—I need only point out that it holds exactly in the same manner for a triangle on the surface of the sphere, from which it would follow that the sum of the angles in a spherical triangle equals two right angles, whilst this sum is known to be always greater than two right angles. The proof depends only on the fact, that any line can be made to coincide with any other line, that two lines do so coincide when they have two points in common, and further, that a line may be turned about any point in it without leaving the surface. But if instead of the plane we take a spherical surface, and instead of a line a great circle on the sphere, all these conditions are again satisfied.

The reasoning employed must therefore be fallacious, and the error lies in the words printed in italics; for these words contain an assumption which has not been proved. In fact they contain an axiom which completely replaces Euclid's

Axiom XII., viz., it expresses that property of a plane which differentiates it from the sphere.

On the sphere it is, of course, not true that rotation is independent of translation, simply because every translation — sliding along a great circle — is a rotation about the poles of the great circle.

From this it might be said to follow that the calculus of quaternions must be wrong. But this again is not correct. The fact is that the celebrated author of this calculus had built it up with the full knowledge of the fundamental space properties in his mind, and making full use of them. Afterwards, on reasoning backwards, he got these space properties out of his formulae, forgetting that they were exactly the facts with which he started. The process is, as far as logic is concerned, not very different from that practised by some alchemists, who pretended to make gold, and actually did produce gold out of their crucibles, but only as much as they had themselves put in.

The following considerations may help to clear up this point still further: —

Prof. Sylvester once conceived, in illustration of some points connected with our subject, an infinitely thin book-worm living in a surface, and consequently limited in its space conceptions to the geometry on such surface. In a similar manner we may imagine an intelligent being consisting merely of an eye occupying a fixed point in space, but capable of perceiving rays of light in every direction. For such a being space would have two dimensions only, but in this space it could conceive figures for which most of Euclid's definitions and all axioms with the exception of the twelfth, and therefore all propositions up to the twenty-sixth in the first book, would hold. Only the names *point*, *line*, *angle*, etc., would stand for objects different to those which they represent to our mind. Nothing can put the vagueness of Euclid's definitions and the real nature of his axioms, viz., that they contain the real logical definitions of the geometrical entities, in a clearer light than the fact that it is possible to use these so-called definitions for objects quite different from those to which Euclid applied them.

To return to our imaginary being; let us suppose it capable of studying Euclid. A ray of light, that is, a line, would appear to it as having no extension but only position, and would answer Euclid's definition of a point. Two such rays determine a plane, but to the eye this would have one

dimension only, and it would *lie evenly between its boundaries*; calling the latter "points" it answers the description of lying evenly between its extreme points, and may be called a straight line, whilst the angle between the two rays would be the *distance* between the points. If two of these lines be drawn from the same point, we get as the inclination between them a *rectilineal angle*; this being to our mind the dihedral angle between two planes. If a line A B were made to revolve about its fixed end A, the other point B would describe a *circle*; in our space a cone of revolution.

The following is a list of those definitions and axioms from Euclid with which we have here to deal. It will be seen that they hold, every word of them, for the figures above described as conceived by our eye-being. Only it must be remembered that a point for the eye-being is to our mind a line through the eye, and so for the line, etc. The words in square brackets indicate what the figures are to our mind.

#### DEFINITIONS.

- I. A point [line through the eye] is that which has no parts or which has no magnitude.
- II. A line [conical surface with vertex in the eye] is length without breadth.
- IV. A straight line [plane through the eye] is that which lies evenly between its extreme points [lines through the eye].
- IX. A rectilineal angle [dihedral angle] is the inclination of two straight lines [planes through the eye] to one another which meet together but are not in the same straight line [plane].
- X. When a straight line [plane] standing on another straight line [plane] makes the adjacent angles equal to one another, each of the angles is called a right angle [right dihedral angle].
- XV. A circle [cone of revolution with vertex at the eye] is a figure contained by one line [surface] which is called the circumference, and is such that all straight lines [angles] drawn from a certain point within the figure to the circumference are equal to one another.
- XVI. And this point [line] is called the centre of the circle [axis of the cone].

#### AXIOMS CALLED POSTULATES IN EUCLID.

- I. Let it be granted that a straight line [plane through the eye] may be drawn from any one point [line through the eye] to any other point [plane determined by two lines through the eye].
- II. That a terminated straight line may be

produced to any length in a straight line [plane through intersecting lines may be produced beyond these lines].

- III. And that a circle may be described from any centre at any distance from that centre [a cone about any axis with any angle at the vertex].

#### AXIOMS.

- X. Two straight lines cannot inclose a space [two planes through a point cannot inclose a space].  
XI. All right [dihedral] angles are equal to one another.

Starting with the above definitions and axioms, the eye-being would have no difficulty in mastering the constructions and theorems contained in the first propositions of the "Elements." Only in Proposition IV. a difficulty might occur. For it may perhaps prove to be impossible to make the two triangles coincident. In Euclid's triangles, namely, it may be necessary to take of one of the triangles the side opposite to the one originally given by taking it out of the plane and turning it over before it can be made to coincide with the other triangle. So perhaps our being would find out, if the two triangles [trihedral angles] were right and left handed, that it has to take of one of the triangles the opposite side, viz., that on the other side of itself [formed by the continuations of the rays], which then will answer the purpose. After this every other proposition would follow without difficulties till parallel lines were introduced, which might sorely puzzle our eye-being, and finally be dismissed as downright nonsense, parallel lines being absolutely inconceivable. And if Sir William Hamilton's proof of the proposition that the sum of the angles in a triangle equalled two right angles were given to it, it would grant the construction and every step as possible and correct, but it would "shake its head" about the conclusion included in the words printed above in italics. It might even consider Euclid a fit subject for a "Budget of Paradoxes." For it is difficult to imagine that this being *without moving in space* should be able to generalize and invent a geometry in a space of zero curvature.

If in any one of the first twenty-six propositions of Euclid the changes above indicated are made from our conceptions to those of the eye-being, we get a series of well-known fundamental propositions in solid geometry which when obtained in this manner do not require any further proof.

O. HENRICI.

From The Spectator.

#### THE LATE F. D. MAURICE.\*

"THERE are some persons," said Mr. Maurice, in a letter written in 1849, "who need to have their own identity impressed upon them by a series of facts which positively assure them that the child and boy of yesterday is the man of to-day. I have known very thoughtful men — John Sterling was one, who never thoroughly realized this truth, but seemed to themselves like a number of different men. As they dropped their old shell or coat, it was as if they dropped their own existence. I would not have it so, but would earnestly pray that my days might be linked 'each to each in natural piety,' in spite of all the schisms which sin has made in them." Certainly, that prayer was granted, unless indeed it was one which needed no granting because it only reflected and expressed the law of the nature given to him by God from his very birth. There never was, perhaps, a great and good man who was so completely the same from his earliest to his latest day, as the subject of this very remarkable memoir. Nor has there, perhaps, ever been a more fit and striking monument raised to a great name than the two volumes before us. If there be a fault in the book, it is that it only too faithfully represents the noble and pathetic monotone of Maurice's life. There was in that life a singular blending of something like the burden of a Gregorian chant with the simplest and most homely naturalness. Perhaps the only statement made by Colonel Maurice in this marvelously faithful and striking memoir with which we should disagree, is the remark (Vol. II., p. 67) that there is much more truth in Dean Stanley's assertion that "every incident in the history of Europe and the world, and every wave of thought which passed over them, produced their impression and left their mark upon" Mr. Maurice's mind and spirit, than there is in the counter-statement made by others, that it was his principal characteristic "to be entirely uninfluenced by other men." We should say that never was there a man who studied the events and characters which came within his ken more patiently and with a more ardent desire to learn from them and understand them; that never was there one who did apprehend them better, so far as the leading convictions and general bias of his own

\* *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, chiefly told in his own Letters.* Edited by his Son, Frederick Maurice. With Portraits. 2 vols. London: Macmillan and Co.



character enabled him to enter into them; but that never was there a character so little altered by the events and persons with whom he came into contact, from the opening of his life to its close. He was almost the same in 1850, when he was a man in the prime of life, that he was in 1825, after leaving Cambridge; he was the same in 1870, just before his death, that he was in 1850, in the prime of his life. Not that Maurice did not learn from experience. He learned much in tact, in self-control, in insight. But all he learned from experience, all he learned from the lives and characters of others, was how to pour his own higher convictions more vividly and effectually into them, not how to change one of those higher convictions, nor how to add one of any importance to those with which he was overflowing at the very outset of life. No more patient and laborious student of facts ever lived than Maurice; none who felt more reverence for the teaching of facts, more anxiety to distinguish between their superficial drift and their inner meaning. On secondary subjects, the teaching of events altered his own practical mind. For example, he changed his opinion as to the practical advisability of enforcing subscription to the Articles on the undergraduates of Oxford and on the clergy of the Church; and he was at the close of his life quite prepared to give up the use of the Athanasian Creed in the services of the Church, ardently as he still held by that creed. Apparently he even modified his dislike to the form of government known as democracy, at the close of his life, — and saw that the forms of democracy might be combined with a profound reverence for that higher law which the people are bound to obey. But these are the only exceptions, — and they are very slight exceptions, — to the statement that Mr. Maurice's mind was ruled by the same class of convictions, expressed in almost the same form, at the close of his life, by which it was ruled when he first devoted himself to the Church's service. All the wealth of his subsequent experience and learning produced hardly any effect, except that of giving those convictions deeper roots and a richer medium of expression. His mind and character grew, but they grew, like an oak, in the very shape that was impressed upon the acorn. If this book wearies any one, it will be only because the letters, of whatever subject they treat, are all sonorous expressions of the same character, and the same unchanging faith. There were

certain kinds of thought — Bishop Colenso's Scriptural criticisms, for example — which simply troubled Mr. Maurice, — which he could not assimilate, which made him unhappy, but with which he did not see his way to deal. Fortunately for us, his intellect was rich enough, his character great enough, his magnanimity ample enough, to enable him to make far more of the chief subjects with which he had to deal than almost any other of his contemporaries, so that the few subjects with which he dealt less effectively were of comparatively small importance. We only mention them here to illustrate what we mean by saying that he was not materially affected even by events and influences which seemed likely to make inroads on his deepest convictions. All that he could assimilate he did assimilate, and it greatly enriched his nature and his intellect. What was foreign to him, when it clamored for notice from him, made him very unhappy, and yet he hardly took it in; nor did it eventually alter either the attitude of his mind, or the proportions of his thought. He was so much disturbed by Bishop Colenso's assault on the Pentateuch that he pressed the resignation of his own living, simply in order that he might clear himself from any suspicion of selfish motive in protesting against the destructive criticism of an old and loyal friend; and he withdrew his resignation only because he found that it would injure that friend. A wilder act of chivalry was never projected by any knight-errant. Indeed, this piece of knight-errantry was the measure of Mr. Maurice's despair at finding the faith which was so dominant in himself apparently failing a friend from whom he had heard the echo of many of his own highest convictions. But the pain and dismay passed and left him, just as the same pain and dismay at Sterling's scepticism had, in an earlier period of his life, passed and left him, essentially unchanged, — delivering the same deep convictions with the same impressive air of authority and with the same deep personal humility as before. His life was a sort of chaunt, rich, deep, awestruck, passionately humble, from beginning to end.

And it was this in more senses than one. No man, as we have said, ever was more anxious to use words in their simplest, most straightforward, most obvious sense. No man was ever more indignant at the pretensions of journalists and others to speak for a class, when they really only expressed the convictions of an individual. No man was ever more explicit in making

people understand that what he said, he said only for himself, that he expressed nothing in the world but the faith, or the hope, or the opinion, or the surmise, as the case might be, of a single and very humble mind. Yet, as a matter of fact, no man's thoughts ever fell more into the forms of a kind of litany, than Mr. Maurice's. You can hardly interpret him fairly if you treat all his avowals of "shameful" failure, of humiliating inferiority to everybody with whom he acted, of suspected dishonesty lurking at the root of his best thoughts, of "hard and proud words," used when he ought to have been gentle and forbearing, as if they were strictly individual confessions limited to individual memories. They were, as we believe, nothing of the kind. They were the confessions befitting a kind of litany, poured forth in the name of a human nature the weakness and sinfulness of which he felt most keenly, most individually, most painfully, but which he felt at least as much in the character of the representative of a race by the infirmities of which he was overwhelmed, as on his own account. For example, in one letter he writes: "I wish to confess the sins of the time as my own. Ah, how needful do I feel it, for the sins of others produce such sin in me, and stir up my unsanctified nature so terribly." And that passage reveals the secret of the matter. Maurice's confessions of profound unworthiness are as simple and genuine as confessions can be, but they are confessions at least as much due to his consciousness of being able to enter to the full into all the evil of the social life to which he belonged, as to any experience that could be called strictly individual. In one who does not catch the wonderful depth of his social nature, his curiously profound sense of shame at noticing that the evil of others produced a sort of reverberation in his own heart, his constant chant of self-depreciation looks unreal. When, however, you catch that he feels, — as all the deeper religious natures have always felt, — a sort of self-reproachful complicity in every sinful tendency of his age, you feel that the litany in which he expresses his shame though most genuine, nay, most piercing in its genuineness, is not so much morbid self-depreciation, as a deep sense of the cruel burden of social infirmity and social sin, which he laid down, on behalf of all men in whose infirmities and sins he could perceive echoes of his own, at the feet of his Saviour. Thus, in one of his books, after criticising what is wrong

in others, he adds: "If I have any occasion to speak against them, I will add that I do not hold them to be worse men than I am, and that I am satisfied they have a better and nobler spirit in them, which is aspiring to the true God, and rendering, probably, a more acceptable homage to him than I render. I will say this, because I hold it to be true, and because I ought to say it," though he expects to be charged with hypocrisy for saying it. That means, what we believe to be the exact truth, that Mr. Maurice's many and strong expressions of inferiority to all the rest of the world were really as much due to the sense of shame and confusion with which the perception of other men's weaknesses and sins came home to him, when he recognized kindred feelings in his own nature, as to the urgency of those feelings in his own individual experience. His confessions must be taken as the outpourings of the conscience of a race rather than as the outpouring of the conscience of a mere individual, or they will seem artificial and unreal. Once catch the perfect simplicity with which he pours out the humiliation of the heart of man, rather than the humiliation of the heart of an individual man, — though, of course, it is the experience of the individual man which justifies him in that confession, — and you see how truthful and genuine it is, and how wonderful was the ardor with which Maurice entered into the social tendencies of his day.

Seldom have the faith and reverence of one mind been so thoroughly understood and so powerfully delineated as those of Frederick Denison Maurice have been understood and delineated by his son. The book is quite a unique piece of biography. You are made to realize from beginning to end Maurice's constant recognition that human faith can never measure God; that divine revelation is a condescension of the infinite love to us, not an intuition of ours into the secrets of infinitude; that divine light is its own evidence, and that without the humility of a willing learner, it is sure to be turned into darkness; that to submit freely to the influence of God over the heart gives a sort of strength which no opinion, however tenacious, can lend even for a moment; and you have all this, and all that was cognate to it, expressed in every variety of form in his own language, in extracts happily chosen from his letters, and as happily illustrated, wherever there is any room for misunderstanding, from his more elaborate works. You are al-

lowed, too, to see quite frankly where Maurice's own light failed him. For example, he always held the language that the whole race has been and is redeemed by Christ once and forever. Hence, in his correspondence with Mr. Kingsley (Vol. II., pp. 272-4), he admits that the baptismal service which speaks of the infant as "made" the child of God in baptism — instead of simply being *declared* so — is not entirely satisfactory to him; and he explains it away after a fashion, as it seems to us not at all different from similar explanations in Tract 90. Again, Colonel Maurice gives us, as we think, quite frankly, the origin of a certain very gross misunderstanding of his father, with which, however, when he meets with that misunderstanding in Principal Shairp's account of Mr. MacLeod Campbell's conversation, he is greatly shocked. Mr. MacLeod Campbell's statement was that, according to Maurice and his friends, "there is nothing real in the nature of things answering to this sense of guilt. The sense of guilt becomes a mistake, which further knowledge reverses. All sin is thus reduced to ignorance." Doubtless this is a gross misunderstanding of the general tenor of Maurice's writings, where the sense of guilt is profoundly, deeply, oppressively apparent from beginning to end. But surely there was much in his language at times to excuse the misunderstanding. If the only difference between sin and righteousness is that men living in sin do not recognize their accomplished redemption, while men living in faith do, the sin would appear to be a sin of ignorance rather than of will. And in exact agreement with this view, Maurice says, in a remarkable letter to Miss Barton (Vol. I., p. 233), that he wishes to treat evil "as though it were not, for in very truth, it is a falsehood. It has no reality, and why should not we treat it as having none?" If Mr. MacLeod Campbell had come upon that sentence alone, — and there are a good many partially analogous statements to be found here and there in Maurice's writings, — surely he might be excused for supposing that Maurice regarded sin as a purely negative and unreal affair. For our own parts, we have never been able to reconcile Maurice's profound and deep sense of the awful reality of sin, — expressed hundreds or thousands of times in these volumes, — with his language as to the absolute completeness of redemption even as regards those who have not been rescued from a life of sin; nor with his language here and there, —

language which we believe he holds in common with the Roman Church, — as to the purely negative and unreal character of sin. But it is Colonel Maurice's great merit that he conceals nothing. He weaves together with great art, and in a fashion that must have cost continuous labor carried on through a very great portion of the twelve years since his father's death, passages of Maurice's letters revealing his thoughts and hopes as to all the main events of his life, inward and outward, and interpreting them, when they need interpretation, by the light of his own deep insight into his father's works and his own profound reverence for his father's character.

From The Economist.

#### ITALY AFTER THE RESUMPTION.

THOSE who prophesied ill for the success of the resumption of specie payments in Italy in April last year have been greatly wide of the mark. There were many who held that so soon as the gold got together so carefully in 1881 and 1882 was set loose it would forthwith leave the country almost as rapidly as it entered it, or that in order to retain it the rates for money in the country would have to be raised to a point that would materially affect trade. It is true that gold was let out rather cautiously at first, and that the revision of the laws in respect to the banks of issue has been postponed. But gold has come into circulation without being taken for export; trade has not been checked, neither has there been any advance in the market quotations for money in Italian centres of trade. Moreover, the national revenue has expanded satisfactorily, and if the resumption of specie payments can be held to have had any influence over these matters (and we think it can), the result is reassuring in all respects. Here are some figures on the subject: —

#### YEAR 1883.

Gold coin imports into Italy	£	1,555,938
“ “ exports from Italy	“	327,732
Balance retained	£	1,231,206
Trade — Imports	55,234,424	Increase on 1882 1,413,920
Exports	47,946,448	“ “ 1,713,123
Customs — Duties collected	7,170,936	“ “ 817,083
Market discount rate, Genoa (December)	4½ Pct.	Fall on the year ½ Pct.

At the present time, the market discount rate is down to four per cent., or

lower, and on all these points it will be seen the contrast is distinctly in favor of Italy. The export of gold coin was altogether trifling, the increase in the trade exports was a good deal larger than in the imports, while the increase of the customs receipts was as much as thirteen per cent. in a single year. As far as the trade of Italy with this country is concerned, there was last year a rapid expansion in our shipments of coal to that country, she having taken 2,227,964 tons, as compared with 1,821,394 tons in 1882, and with 1,727,829 tons in 1881; and this greater demand for fuel is not by any means an unhealthy sign. Since the resumption the exchanges with Italy have remained remarkably quiet, and have shown no inclination to rise above par, and the change has in every way been effected speedily, and with as little disturbance of the country's mercantile and monetary relations as could have been hoped for.

But, it may be said, the burden entailed by the resumption upon the finances of Italy is no light matter. The 29,200,000*l.* loan of 1881-2 of itself involved an additional annual expenditure of nearly 1,300,000*l.*, while the very advance of the Italian currency from a considerable discount to par entailed a heavier actual, though not a heavier nominal, expenditure. But the object to be gained was well worth the effort required, and it is to be remembered that there is a considerable gain to be set against this loss, because, as the debt is for the most part a gold, not a currency, interest-bearing debt, the raising the currency to par was a relief, as it abolished a heavy item of loss by exchange. But apart from this, there was, it is admitted, an increase in the annual charge of the debt, as the figures below will indicate.

AMOUNT of RENTE (or Nominal Interest Charge) of ITALIAN DEBT.

	December, 1883.	December, 1880.
Consolidated 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ct. Rente	17,410,274	15,602,852
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ct. "	256,208	256,320
5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ct. permanent annuity to the Holy See	129,000	129,000
Debt awaiting inscription	17,795,482	15,988,172
Debts of Old States	18,461	
Railway loans, Canal Cavour bonds, etc.	1,033,762	1,435,614
	540,667	
	19,388,372	17,423,786
Miscellaneous debts, including the South Austrian Railway annuity (say)	1,475,000	1,763,650
Floating debt (say)	450,000	560,635
	21,313,372	19,748,071

It will be seen that a reduction has been effected in the liabilities which are not inscribed; but that in these three years the increase in the annual charge has been 1,565,301*l.* All this increase, however, is not to be attributed to the abolition of the forced currency, and the growth in the net interest is smaller than is shown in the table, for the reason that the "income tax" of thirteen and two tenths per cent. imposed in 1868 has still to be deducted from the totals in each case. Considerable sums are being provided annually for the construction of State railways, and these have to be covered by extraordinary revenues, or, in plain English, by loans. But the State railways are increasingly productive, and contrasting their earnings for 1880 (1,300,000*l.*) with those of 1883 (2,700,000*l.*), it is apparent that they have doubled in this period. In spite, therefore, of the additional charges recently incurred, Italy is able to maintain the budgetary equilibrium first established in 1877.

That the country is progressive the successful effort just made to return to specie payments sufficiently shows; and the verdict of the stock exchanges of Europe as to the value of Italian rente is, we are inclined to think, a just one.

LONDON PRICES OF ITALIAN RENTE IN MARCH—

1884.	1883.	1882.	1881.	1880.	1875.	1870.	1868.
92 $\frac{3}{4}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	88	90	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	71	56	47

There is, however, one more effort required, in justice, from the Italian government, and that is an abatement of the tax on coupons, imposed in 1868 under a very different condition of affairs.

From Nature.

THE MECHANICAL THEORY OF MAGNETISM.

If Prof. Hughes were as great a master of writing English as he is of experimenting, his views on magnetism would receive speedier acceptance, for they would then probably be understood without that close study which his involved sentences and heterogeneous paragraphs now demand. It is very remarkable that such an ardent worker, such a deep thinker, and such a clear and simple experimenter should have such difficulty in expounding his views on paper. His experimental demonstrations are always clear and convincing, his recent lecture at the Royal Institution appealed to every degree of intel-

ligence present, but his papers at the Royal Society want some strong external directing influence to render their meaning evident.

What is magnetism, according to this expert philosopher? It is an inherent quality of the molecules of matter, as determined and constant as that of their gravity, affinity, or cohesion, and like these qualities it differs in degree with every kind of matter. He does not attempt at present to define it closer than this. We cannot tell what gravity is, neither need we say what magnetism is. All Prof. Hughes says is that every molecule in nature is a little magnet imbued with a certain polarity varying in degree but constant for each substance, in virtue of which it has a north and a south pole along the same axis, and that the only change that takes place is a change in the direction of this polar axis. When these molecules are symmetrically arranged by some external directing influence, so that all their poles lie in the same direction, we have *evident magnetism*. Iron becomes a magnet in virtue of the fact that its molecules are free to move under the influence of external magnetic action, while copper is not a magnet because its molecules are immovable and irresponsive to the same cause. Steel becomes permanently magnetized because its molecules are rigid, and retain the axial direction impressed upon them. Soft iron is readily demagnetized because its molecules have great freedom of motion. Coercive force is therefore simply absence of freedom of molecular motion — it is, indeed, molecular rigidity. The extent to which the axis of polarity can be deflected from its normal direction is its *point of saturation*.

*Evident magnetism* is the symmetrical arrangement of the polarized molecules along one line; *neutrality* is symmetrical arrangement of the same molecules in closed curves. In both cases the sum of the magnetic influence of all the molecules is the same; but in evident magnetism it is directed outwards, in neutrality it is directed inwards. Remaining magnetism is partial neutrality. The experimental way in which Prof. Hughes demonstrated these conclusions is the most beautiful investigation he has yet made. He proves the existence of the same polarity in the atmosphere and in the ether, and he attributes diamagnetic effects to the higher magnetic capacity of the ether than of the substances suspended in it. It is therefore a differential action. Molecules, moreover, have inertia — they resist being put in mo-

tion; and when in motion they resist stoppage — they possess momentum. The direction of the axis of polarity can be displaced by the physical forces, such as mechanical stress, heat, or electricity. He shows that mechanical motion, heat, and electricity are of similar kind — they are vibratory, or some mode of motion. Magnetism, however, he considers not to be a mode of motion, and therefore it is not a physical force. It is simply an arrangement of the molecules of matter in symmetry or dissymmetry under the influence of some physical force. He seems to imply, though he does not directly say so, that the influence of electric currents upon magnets is not due to any direct action between them, but to the fact that the currents have polarized the ether in which both are suspended.

His views are very broad and highly suggestive, but there are some points that are not clear and that demand further elucidation. Why, for instance, does mechanical elongation and contraction take place when bars of iron are magnetized and demagnetized? How can heat and strong sonorous vibrations be produced unless there be a considerable expenditure of energy? How does he account for the attractive and repulsive properties of magnets, and for magnetic induction? He has certainly wrested magnetism from the realms of hypothesis and brought it within the domain of theory. The days of Coulomb and Poisson's fluids and Ampère's elementary currents of electricity are over; the molecular character of magnetism is experimentally established; but what is a molecule, and how becomes it polarized unless it be in rotation? How does the external directing influence act? We are also inclined to ask, Has Prof. Hughes sufficiently grasped Ampère's theory? It was purely mathematical, based on the assumption of the circulation of currents around each molecule. He goes no further than Ampère did, for he has not answered the question, What is polarity? In fact his polarized molecules are all little magnets, and no theory of magnetism will be complete until it explains these little magnets. Thus the difference between Ampère and Hughes is the difference between a current and a magnet.

However, on the assumption that a molecule is a magnet, Prof. Hughes has built up a very complete theory, which he has demonstrated experimentally in a way that places him in the very front rank of experimental philosophers.



From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
GREEK BRIGAND AND VILLAGE  
SUPERSTITIONS.

THE brigands of the Balkan Peninsula, both Muslim and Christian, have, besides all the common superstitions, a great many peculiar to themselves, and more directly concerning their profession. These vary somewhat according to locality, but in the main are very similar all over the country. On the occasion of a marriage which lately took place in Macedonia between the son of one brigand chief and the daughter of another, notice was sent to a village that the brigands intended to honor it by having the ceremony performed there. Promises of protection were made if the villagers maintained silence with regard to the intended visit, and dire threats of vengeance if they betrayed them to the Turkish authorities. On the appointed day the wedding party arrived, accompanied by a Greek priest, and the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Orthodox Church. This concluded, the bands formed a circle round their chiefs. The latter then bared their left arms; an incision was made in each; the blood that flowed from them was allowed to mingle; and a solemn vow of brotherhood administered by the priest. Festivities of various kinds followed; sheep and goats were roasted, and the villagers invited to join the feast. Then, amid many mystic ceremonies, a sheep was sacrificed, and libations of wine were poured out. The customary auguries were drawn from the appearance of the intestines, and the villagers were then informed that pursuit would be made after them; but if the soldiers came to the village to molest them the brigands would come to their rescue. One of the most ghastly Greek superstitions is that of the *vrykolokas*, or vampire. It is customary to visit the grave of a deceased relation at the expiration of three years after burial, and ascertain if the body is decomposed. If this process has been performed to their satisfaction, the bones are collected, and, after a further religious service, placed in a mortuary. But should

this not be the case, the dead man is supposed to be possessed, and, in punishment of his known or unknown crime, walks the earth at night as a *vrykoloka*. Many of the local superstitions take the form of offerings to the spirits of the earth, air, or water. When a vine is planted, a glass of wine is thrown in "for good luck." Wine spilt on the ground or the table is also considered a good omen. Oil, on the contrary, denotes the approach of evil. A child, stunned by a fall, was picked up by an English lady, who brought him to consciousness by sprinkling water on his face. His mother came to claim him shortly afterwards, and, after assuring herself that no bones were broken, poured a pail of water on the spot where he had fallen, and added a handful of sugar, "to satisfy the demon." Thunder is believed to be produced by the demons of the upper regions, and bells are rung during a storm to drive them away. Saturday is considered an unlucky day on which to begin work of any kind, and equally unlucky to finish work upon. No money must be paid on Monday, "or Saturday will find your purse empty." To admire a child causes the greatest consternation to its mother, and the caps of infants are often decorated with coins or other bright objects to distract the attention of any evil eye they may chance to meet from the child. An expression of approval or admiration, even of the most trivial thing, is met with the entreaty *Mē rō matiázēs* — "Don't give it the evil eye!" and two fingers are immediately pointed at the object or person in question, accompanied by the word *σκόποδον* — garlic. Indeed, garlic is considered a sovereign antidote against this malign power. A lady, watching the flight of a stork to his nest in a cypress-tree in the little town of Bournabat, near Smyrna, was suddenly assailed with a torrent of abuse from two Greeks who were passing on donkey-back, and who imagined themselves to be the objects of her attention. They anathematized "her grey eyes, that would cause them evil," with a fluency of vituperation of which a low-class Greek alone is capable.